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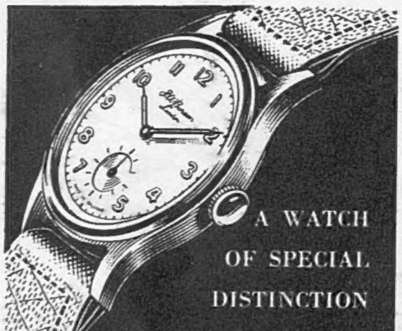

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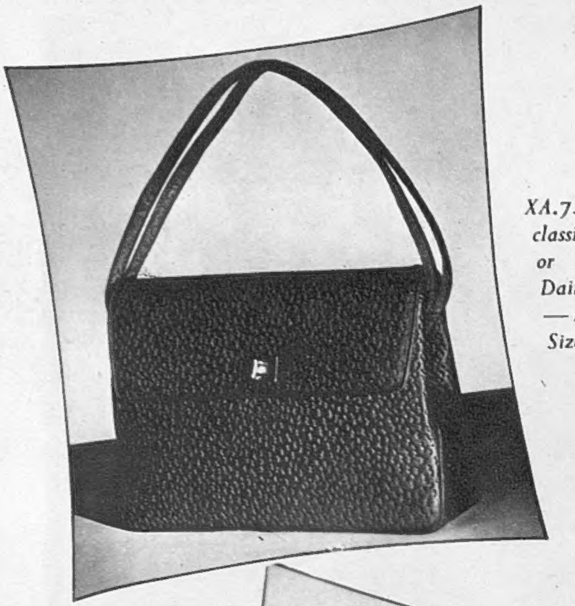

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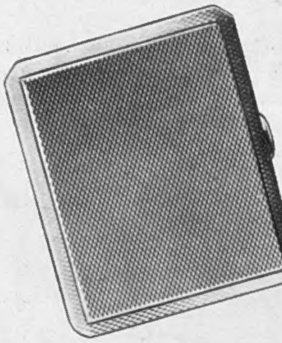

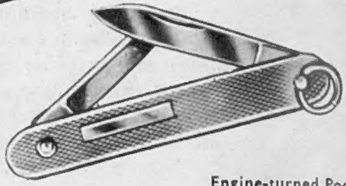

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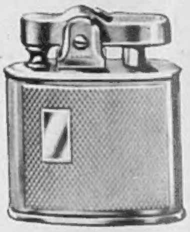

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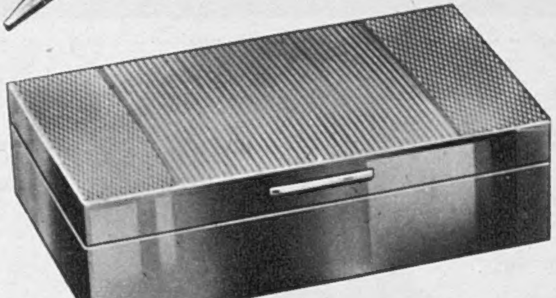

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1952

Photographed by Cecil Beaton.

STRAWS IN THE SUN

Straw hats like Mexican peasants' and intricately smocked cotton clothes are favourite country wear for Rose and James Adeane, the seven-year-old daughter and two-and-a-half-year-old son of Colonel and Mrs. Robert Adeane, of Babraham, near Cambridge. Both children love life on the farm, where their constant companion is the minutest of fluffy white miniature poodles called, amongst many other names, *Pirrie*. Mrs. Adeane, who is a daughter of Sir James Dunn, is nearly always busy on the Home Farm, where managing the dairy is one of her main tasks. The famous portrait of her by Augustus John was the picture of the year in 1951.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

IT is difficult to imagine, writing these notes in the cold grey misery of an English winter, that three days ago one was breakfasting on a balcony in one's shirt-sleeves. Southern Spain now seems as much of a remote never-never land as three days ago England also did. It would be difficult to find a greater contrast between the outlook from my window of a sodden Chelsea Square—all bare boughs and wet leaves—and the brilliant blue sky, warm sunshine, palms and bougainvillea, heliotrope and orange trees of Jerez de la Frontera. This transformation scene, with a thirty-six-hour interlude in Madrid, was made possible by the excellent air service to Gibraltar, which, in the absence of sea transport running to definite schedule, provided for me the key to the sunshine and the cities of Southern Spain.

There is only one warning I would give to other intending travellers by air, and that is—make your bookings as early as possible, as even at this time of the year, the services are very full indeed. So, too, are all the hotels from Madrid south, largely due to the influx of American and British tourists. The Spanish are paying a little heavily for the boom in their tourist trade. Motoring south from Madrid we stopped for lunch at the "albuerge"—the admirably designed motorists' inns provided by the Spanish State Tourist Department for motorists in this empty land—at Manzanares. Manzanares is in the centre of a wine-growing district, and we ourselves had an excellent bottle of local red wine—costing fully 1s. 2d. A coach-load of American tourists was decanted into the dining-room, the members of which ordered tea to drink with their Spanish meal. My superior British smirk at this crudity was, however, smartly wiped off my face when a gentleman with a palpable English accent went one better and ordered hot chocolate !—a refinement of barbarism which I shall long remember with retrospective horror.

SIGHT-SEEING, especially if done intensively, can be extraordinarily exhausting, and Toledo, which lies about an hour's motor drive due south of Madrid, is so packed with objects of historical and artistic interest—from Greco's house to the Alcazar, the ruins of which still stand as a memorial to that epic defence in the Civil War—that the tourist is liable to return to Madrid in the evening, surfeited. Indeed, I could not help sympathising on this last occasion when I visited Toledo with the American who said: "Listen! I want no more Greco. I want no more Goy-ah, no more cathedrals. I just want a sound, reliable night club." In El Greco's house in Toledo, however, I chanced upon a number of old friends, as our arrival there coincided with that of a bus-load of the "cazadores"—the members of the *Conseil International de la Chasse*. This body concerns itself with problems of game preservation, the study of bird migration, and such international action as can be taken by the countries this side of the Iron Curtain to prevent the extinction of threatened species of animals and birds. In the sunshine of Greco's garden I met Lord Lovat and Frank Wallace, that magnificent naturalist and G.O.M. of big-game shots who, two years ago at the age of seventy-three, got a fine Spanish ibex after a ten-hour stalk at a height of nearly 7,000 ft. Frank Wallace, whom I was glad to see looking as well as ever after his serious illness of a few months ago, feels with the other British representatives that they have not got the support which they should have from our Government. Apparently, ours is the only Government this side of the Iron Curtain which does not subscribe the £200 or £300 a year necessary to support the Council's activities, so that our representatives are invited out of charity or for their *beaux yeux* to these international gatherings, and not as of right.

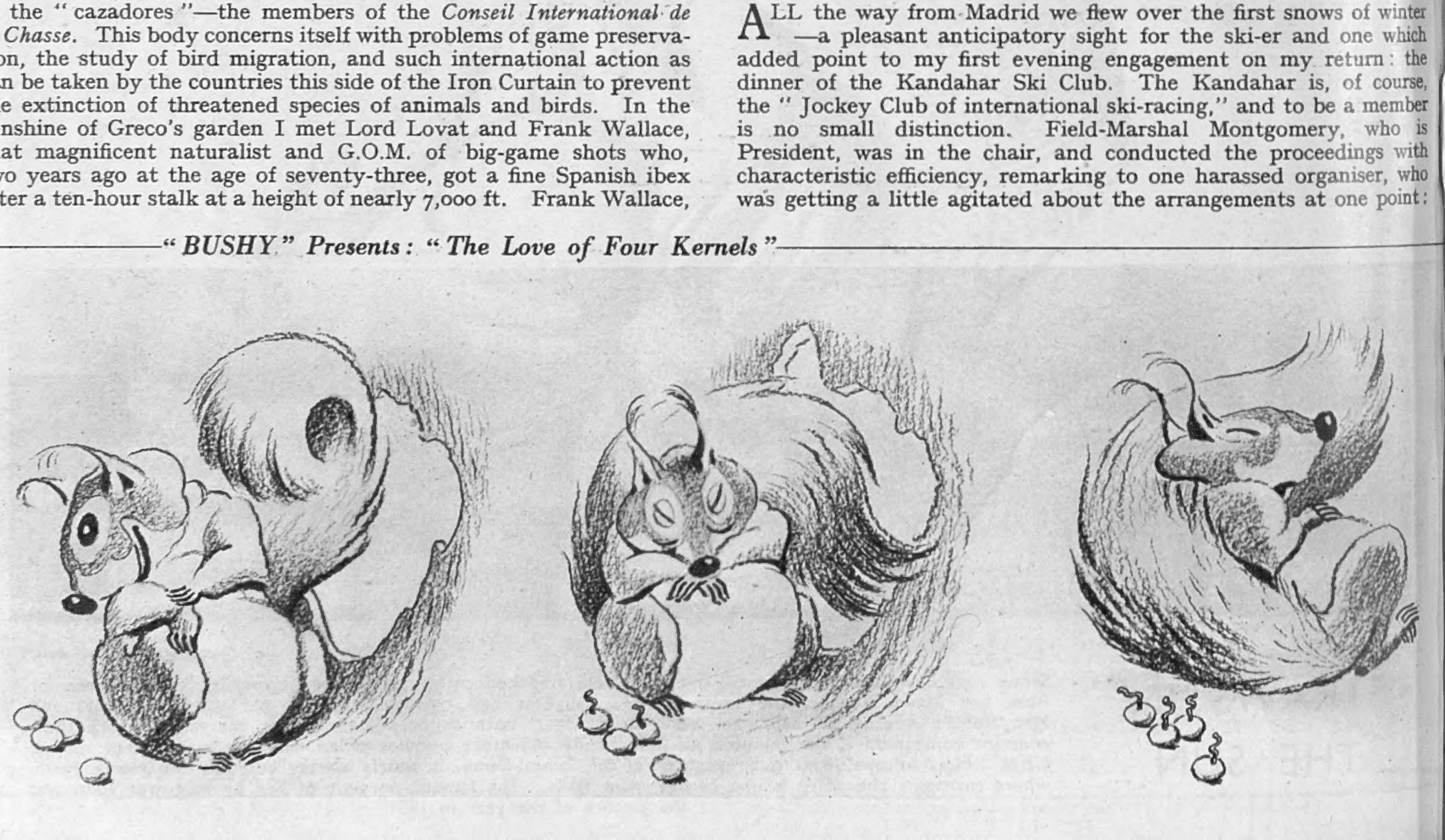
Another old friend who was of this international party—meeting the "hunters" in Madrid one could not possibly have mistaken the party for anything else !—was Harry Maasdijk, the well-known Dutch authority on big game, whom I had practically not seen since we met in Germany before the war. If I had to draw up a list of the best half-dozen raconteurs I have met, I am not sure that I would not put Harry at the top. He has the actor's capacity of making you see before you the actual subject of the story—human or animal. In a few seconds he had vividly recalled to me an evening some fifteen years ago when, with Michael Creswell, now our Minister in Cairo, we dined at a lakeside restaurant outside Berlin. Some swans glided up in the moonlight immediately below us in this landing-stage restaurant, and we conceived the evil notion of dropping a little spaghetti between their shoulders. In Toledo fifteen years later, through Harry, I could see again the agitation of those swans, whose necks were not quite pliable enough to reach these tit-bits—until, being sensible birds, they hit on the plan of eating the spaghetti off each other's backs.

There was also that other occasion when Harry, being of an experimental turn of mind, and having heard much of the "digestion of an ostrich," fed an orange to one in the Munich Zoo. All I can say is that, with the orange half-way down its long neck, it must have been the inspiration for a certain famous advertisement!

At Jerez we were the guests of Carlos Gonzalez, his son Carlos and their respective wives at a couple of lunches which began, in the Andalusian manner, about three and ended at seven and seven-thirty respectively. I often wonder whether there is any single community more delightful than the sherry people—the Gonzalez, Domecqs and the like, all speaking perfect English, all inter-married and all the most charming hosts. In the Gonzalez bodegas we drank some of the Methuselah sherry—the oldest there is—which has now been rechristened "Winston's Wine" since the occasion two years ago on the great man's birthday when Carlos toasted him in Methuselah—"in the hope that he may live as long as the gentleman from whom this sherry takes its name."

ALL the way from Madrid we flew over the first snows of winter —a pleasant anticipatory sight for the ski-er and one which added point to my first evening engagement on my return: the dinner of the Kandahar Ski Club. The Kandahar is, of course, the "Jockey Club of international ski-racing," and to be a member is no small distinction. Field-Marshal Montgomery, who is President, was in the chair, and conducted the proceedings with characteristic efficiency, remarking to one harassed organiser, who was getting a little agitated about the arrangements at one point:

"BUSHY" Presents: "The Love of Four Kernels"



IN THE PARK : By Hester Gorst.

This amusing vision of a counter-attraction at Orators' Corner in Hyde Park was recently shown at the thirty-fourth Exhibition of the Stock Exchange Art Society.

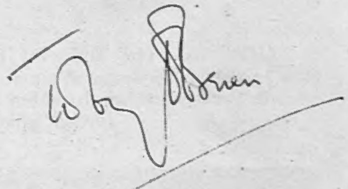
"Don't worry. I am running this battle." The idea that Monty has no sense of humour is, of course, a myth : propagated, I feel sure, by those who at various times have felt the weight of his disciplinary hand. Nobody could have been in better form, and, indeed, throughout the only other speech (delivered by somebody whom it would be immodest of your commentator to mention) he showed no lack of the sense of fun.

There was great regret that Sir Arnold Lunn, the co-founder of the Club with Hanns Schneider of St. Anton, could not be present as he is lecturing in the United States. For, in addition to being the Club's founder, he is undoubtedly its most amusing speaker, and would have replied in kind to the leg-pulling that would inevitably have accompanied his first "K" dinner since he was knighted. Incidentally, although the Club was originally founded to provide an annual competition between the two best schools of ski-ing—the Anglo-Swiss in Mürren and the Arlberg at St. Anton, the A.K. race being held in alternate years in the two places—to-day there are five member nations, Britain, Austria, Switzerland, France and Italy, and there has been much debate as to whether Western Germany should now be admitted. I gather that the International Committee has decided that it shall be, though there is some doubt whether the Germans can provide a suitably exacting course. This year's dinner was remarkable for two things. One, the fact that it was the largest ever, and the other that both the male and female British ski champions, John Boyagis and Miss Hilary Laing, were present for the first time.

AS Christmas approaches, the tempo of charitable activities increases, so that it is difficult to select between them. All I can say is that in our household we are collecting or have collected bazaar (and in some cases, I fear, bizarre) objects to send to two excellent charities. One is the Feathers Clubs Association event, run by the Marquesa de Casa Maury, at 20, Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7, to-morrow (December 4); the other was Lady Mancroft's "Family Fair" at 6, Stanhope Gate on November 27.

WALKING down St. James's Street the other day and looking at one of the famous clubs, I was reminded of the story of a very well-known Edwardian figure who belonged to one of them, for whom a hansom was summoned at the end of a long evening, during which he had looked on the wine when red, yellow and any other suitable colour.

His lordship got into the cab. Two or three minutes later, as no instructions had been given, the cabby raised his hatch and said : "Where to, me lord ?"—"Don't be so damned inquisitive," was the reply—which I bracket first with the other story of the well-wined gentleman who ordered a "first-class return," and when the clerk said, "Where to ?" replied : "Here, of course, you ruddy fool !"

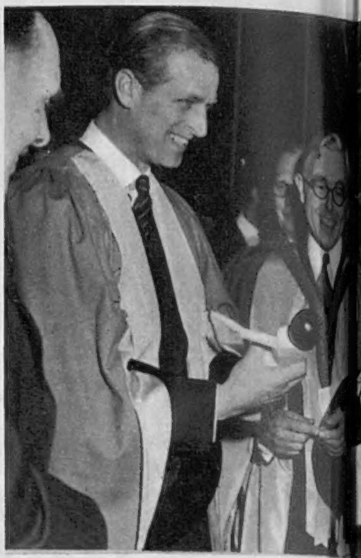


By HARGRAVE

Occasions From

NOV. 12.—The Duke of Edinburgh had his first flying lesson at White Waltham, Berkshire, instructed by Flight-Lieutenant C. Gordon. Here he is inspecting the cockpit of the silver and yellow Chipmunk trainer.

NOV. 13.—The Queen laid the foundation-stone of the new Hall of the Inner Temple, which is to be built on the site of the old Hall destroyed by bombs in 1941. Afterwards she presented to the Inn the mallet and trowel she used for the ceremony.



NOV. 13.—The Duke of Edinburgh sented with a Dutch Doll for Princess Cambridge to receive an honorary to open new buildings at the University also attended a meeting of the

NOV. 16.—The Duke of Edinburgh passing along the ranks of Jewish ex-Service Women. He took the salute at a march-past of Jewish ex-Service Men and Women in commemoration of the Jewish fallen of both World Wars.

NOV. 16.—The Duchess of Kent, returning from her Far Eastern tour, was at a reception given for her at our Embassy in Athens. *L. to r.:* The Duchess of Kent, King Paul of the Hellenes, Queen Frederika, the Duke of Kent and Sir Charles Peake, our Ambassador.

NOV. 19.—The Duchess of Gloucester went to the Civil Service Art Show at the Guildhall Art Gallery, which was opened by the Lord Mayor, Sir Rupert De la Bère, Chairman of the Association of Civil Service Art Clubs, who is on the extreme left.

NOV. 21.—The Duke of Edinburgh spent over three hours going round laboratories and workshops when he visited the Military College of Science at Shrivenham in Wiltshire.

the Royal Diary

fittingly gowned, was pre-
Anne when he was at
Doctorate of Laws, and
engineerin., school. He
Union (Debating) Society.

NOV. 15.—The Duke of Cornwall was greatly interested in the presentation of a bouquet to his grandmother when he was taken by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother to a special children's concert at the Royal Festival Hall.

NOV. 15.—The Duke of Edinburgh, surrounded by a host of young admirers when he visited the Bradfield Club at Peckham, was the cause of play being temporarily abandoned in the games room. All in the day's work for him, it was a very special evening for these youngsters.

NOV. 17.—When the Duke of Edinburgh inspected the new town of Harlow, Essex, everything was so clean and tidy that the Harlow Development Corporation had to protest that the "grand tidy-up" was not carried out under strict orders!

NOV. 20.—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went to *Call Me Madam*, at the Coliseum Theatre, as part of their celebrations of their fifth wedding anniversary. Here the Queen, followed by Princess Margaret, is seen leaving the theatre.

NOV. 21.—The Queen, who inspected the Royal Navy's Home Air Command at Lee-on-Solent, chatting with Commodore Sir Aubrey St. Clair Ford, Commodore of the barracks. It was her first official visit to a naval establishment since her accession.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE VAGRANT MOOD. By W. Somerset Maugham. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)
THE GRASS HARP. By Truman Capote. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)
GENTLEMAN IN PINK UNIFORM. By Warren Tute. (*Cassell ; 10s. 6d.*)
THE INNOCENCE OF EDITH THOMPSON. By Lewis Broad. (*Hutchinson ; 12s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE title of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's new book *The Vagrant Mood* seems to me somewhat inappropriate, for it suggests an airy fancifulness which these incisive, often acidulated essays do not, fortunately, possess. "My literary friends do not, I am sorry to say, look upon me as a member of the intelligentsia," says Mr. Maugham with highly deceptive plaintiveness, and his recollections of writers are often touched with his mild amusement at the antics of the highbrow. He describes, for instance, the American novelist Edith Wharton as such a paragon of good taste that she made him feel that the mention of Edgar Wallace's name was a gaffe. "An admirable creature," he summarises, "but not my cup of tea." Of Augustus Hare Mr. Maugham writes that he "suffered from the persuasion that he was a gentleman, and an author, though a voluminous one, only by the way." He gives us a horribly convincing portrait of Henry James taking himself much too seriously, then says: "If in these pages I have made Henry James, I hope not unkindly, a trifle absurd, it is because that is what I found him." He writes with sincere affection of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, and says of the latter: "I feel that he was never quite at home in the world. It was to him, perhaps, a sumptuous hotel, with marble bathrooms and a perfect cuisine, in which he was a transient guest." The whole collection is spirited, highly judicious, and as compellingly readable as any book in the long row of his works.

MISS LESLEY AIRD-PASSOW
One of the many charming illustrations from Nicholas Egon's book *Some Beautiful Women of To-Day*, just published by Putnam (25s.).

THE talent which Mr. Truman Capote displays in his new novel, *The Grass Harp*, is so individual that it challenges the reader to find some prototype or precedent. Something of Mark Twain perhaps? But Mr. Capote is flippant rather than humorous and shrewd rather than sympathetic. A touch of Cabell, possibly? But again Mr. Capote smiles rather than chuckles, and his writing is feathery instead of colourful. I find him a truly original writer. This super-nonsense-rhyme of a novel describes the flight of three people from the seemly household of a businesslike woman who wishes to commercialise them. There is a young boy named Collin, the simple-minded, fifty-year-old Dolly and the bellicose negress Catherine. These three take refuge in a house in a tree and, for a time, defy the forces of law and order roused to anger by such eccentricity. They are joined by a retired judge and a young man of strict principles and later by a woman missionary with fifteen children. This party of amiable rebels is never quite defeated by the civic powers, though terms are agreed at last. A gay and not quite inconsequent story.

IN no deprecatory sense I would call Mr. Warren Tute's novel, *Gentleman in Pink Uniform*, a "yarn." It has ample proportions and plotted progression to a climax while, like a good nineteenth-century novel, it is convincing rather than realistic. A young public schoolboy, the heir to a peerage, has become so enchanted by the Communist teaching of his science master that, on his way to an interview with a Communist leader in London, he stops to say to some idle road workers, "Well done, comrades. Withhold your labour from the damnable Tory diehards." He is instructed by Comrade Lazisky to obtain a commission in the Navy, but is turned down when, at his interview, he informs the examiners that it is his intention to become the "first Communist Admiral of the British Royal Navy." His love for Melisenda, a fellow-traveller from a background no more proletarian than his own, runs through the book, and is concerned in its climax, which is nothing less than a projected mutiny. There is a happy ending. It is all immensely readable and sometimes very funny.

AN extremely interesting study in crime and justice is Mr. Lewis Broad's *The Innocence of Edith Thompson*. The writer sets out, with perhaps a shade too much confidence, to prove that the woman in the Bywaters-Thompson case of the 1920's was not guilty of complicity in the murder of which she was convicted and for which she was hanged. He succeeds in demonstrating that her complicity was not adequately shown at the trial, and convinces one that Edith Thompson was, as Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett said, "hanged because of her immorality." The issue was certainly confused and the jury prejudiced by Edith Thompson's behaviour and outpourings. This alone makes Mr. Broad's book a valuable addition to the serious literature of criminology. As an advocate he is cool and honest, as a historian he is lucid and lively. The test of both here must have been severe, for clearly he feels passionately that injustice was done.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE BOY WHO SAW TO-MORROW.
By Ian Niall. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

DWELLY LANE.
By F. V. Morley. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 11s. 6d.*)

TARGET ARCHERY.
By Robert P. Elmer. (*Hutchinson ; 35s.*)

THE FINISH.
By Sir Alfred Munnings. (*Museum Press ; 30s.*)

THE KING IS DEAD.
By Ellery Queen. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

AS BERRY AND I WERE SAYING.
By Dornford Yates. (*Ward Lock ; 12s. 6d.*)

IN THE MAKING.
By G. F. Green. (*Peter Davies ; 12s. 6d.*)
An intense and tender study of childhood.

LOVE IS MY VOCATION.
By Tom Clarkson. (*Wingate ; 10s. 6d.*)
A novel from the life of St. Thérèse of Lisieux

IN HOLLYWOOD TO-NIGHT.
By Peter Duncan. (*Laurie ; 10s. 6d.*)
Producer of one of radio's most perennially popular features makes his way to the stars with entertaining results.

WINES OF FRANCE.
By Alexis Lichine. (*Cassell ; 21s.*)
Not only authoritative but gay and amusing. M. Lichine is a grower and merchant and writes of his experiences with commendable gusto.

CONCISE OXFORD ATLAS.
(*Oxford University Press ; 18s. 6d.*)
Not entirely an abridgement of the larger *Oxford Atlas*, but rather a supplement to it, with new maps and a special emphasis on Great Britain.

THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES.
Revised from Peter Roget by D. C. Browning. (*Dent ; 12s. 6d.*)
Surely no one who puts words on paper, whether for a business letter, a book or a public announcement, can afford to be unfamiliar with this, the greatest reference work of its kind.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH II.
By L. A. Nickolls. (*Macdonald ; 10s. 6d.*)
The latest of this author's appealing records of the Royal year. As Exchange Telegraph Correspondent at Buckingham Palace, Mr. Nickolls is able to bring to his task that intimate touch which has contributed so largely to the success of his earlier diaries in this series.

FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
By Marie Johnson Fort. (*Barker ; 42s.*)
It seems that two schools are developing in flower arrangement, that of large and lavish set pieces such as Mrs. Spry designs, and the neat, at times rather prim and over-simplified American schemes which look like chic women's hats. The designs in this splendidly produced book belong to the latter for the most part.

Authors of To-day . . . IV. WILLIAM SANSOM

WILLIAM SANSOM was born in 1912. On leaving school he was sent to Bonn to study German, then returned to work in a London bank for some years. He left that for advertising and has done other odd jobs, working as radio director, bar pianist, jazz composer. None of his work was published till he was over thirty, when he was writing during rest periods from his service as a London fireman during the war. He lives in Hampstead, in a derelict flat with a garden screened by trees, working outside as much as possible. His books of short stories are Fireman Flower (1944), Three (1946), Something Terrible, Something Lovely (1948), The Passionate North (1950), A Touch of the Sun (1952). His novels are The Body (1949) and The Face of Innocence (1952).

A FAIRY-TALE IN THE FLESH

Way up on her points, Renée Jeanmaire brings dreams to life in the RKO Technicolor film, *Hans Christian Andersen*, starring Danny Kaye, which is due at the Carlton, Haymarket, on December 19 ; the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have consented to attend the première. Nearly 25 per cent. of the film is devoted to ballet in which Jeanmaire, famous French ballerina, performs breathtakingly. Roland Petit, choreographer of the film's four ballets, also dances opposite her as the Prince in "The Little Mermaid" ballet. He founded the Ballets de Paris and was responsible for the exciting "Carmen" in which Jeanmaire appeared in London in 1948.

In their delightful Chelsea home, Mr. and Mrs. Laver and their daughter Brigid have tea. The room looks out on the engaging trees of a square, bare and bony at this time of year.

James Laver at work with his recording instrument, which provides a beautifully impersonal means of turning the stream of consciousness into typescript.

At Home to

MR. AND MRS. JAMES LAVER

Mr. James Laver, C.B.E., Hon. R.E., F.R.S.A., F.R.S.L., Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is married to Miss Veronica Turleigh, one of our distinguished actresses. They live in Chelsea ; have a son, Patrick, who is up at New College, Oxford, and a daughter, Brigid, who spent two months at the University of Perugia after leaving Mayfield, and is hoping now to go up to Oxford, for which competition is very stiff.

Mr. Laver has written and edited a great many books, and is also a successful playwright—one of his early works was *Nymph Errant*, which was converted into a play with music and became

In the drawing-room : James Laver with a recently-completed mural by Hans Feibusch, which replaces an earlier (1932) one destroyed in the blitz. In the painting Daphne is turning into a tree.

"The Sketch":

Cole Porter's first important job; the late Gertrude Lawrence played the Nymph. Mr. Laver has written several biographies and has also established himself as an authority on costumes through the ages.

His writing, in fact, is as versatile as his wife's acting: among Veronica Turleigh's most recent parts was her brilliantly successful and well-observed North Country mother (of Alec Guinness) in the film of Arnold Bennett's *The Card*, and she is now rehearsing the part of the Duchess of Gloucester in John Gielgud's production of *Richard II.*, due to open at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Christmas Eve.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Framed in the "bull-nosed" opening where the drawing-room double doors used to be is Mrs. James Laver.

On the balcony, reflected in the long window, is pretty, young Miss Brigid Laver, who hopes to go up to Oxford.

Photographed by Jaeger.

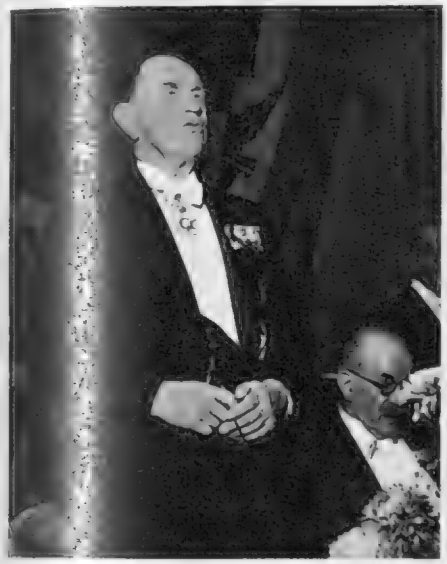
PRINCESS SIBYLLA AND HER CHILDREN

Princess Sibylla of Sweden is pictured here with her children : *l. to r.*, nine-year-old Princess Christina, Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, six, Princess Margaretha, who is now in England doing a domestic science course at Seer Green House, Beaconsfield, and recently celebrated her eighteenth birthday ; Princess Birgitta, fifteen, and *sitting in front*, Princess Desiree, fourteen. The three younger girls go to school in Stockholm, and all five children are very fond of riding.

NOV. 11.—ANGLO-PORTUGUESE SOCIETY'S ANNUAL DINNER. Portuguese Ambassador, Dr. Ruy Ennes Ulrich (*right*), with his wife, who, in lovely jewels, is being presented with a bouquet of damask roses by Miss Moyra Short, daughter of the hon. secretary.

NOV. 14.—WITH THE HEYTHROP. Smart on her smart horse is Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, youngest of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's three daughters, out with the Heythrop Hounds when they met at Hopcroft's Holt, on the Oxford-Banbury road.

NOV. 15.—AT "THE KIRK OF THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND"; COVENT GARDEN. Miss Alexandra Gully, daughter of Lord and Lady Selby, married Mr. Roger Frewen, who has just restored to his family 14th-century Brede, one of the oldest inhabited houses in the country.



NOV. 18.—LONDON ULSTER ASSOCIATION DINNER. Lord Wakehurst, former Governor of New South Wales, becomes Governor of Northern Ireland from December 1, and was the chief guest at the London Ulster Association's annual dinner at the Trocadero on November 18. *Left:* Lord Wakehurst speaking at the dinner. *Centre:* Captain R. Benson, private secretary to Lord Wakehurst, photographed with his wife. *Right:* Lord Brookeborough, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, replying to the toast of "Northern Ireland."

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

A VERY gay and successful party was given by Lady Coryton and her daughter Flavia at their delightful small house in Montpelier Walk on November 12. Both generations were well represented and among the guests we talked to were the famous Q.C. Sir Gerald Upjohn, and his wife; young Lord Tennyson, who succeeded his cricketer father last year; the David Chalmers who live in a houseboat on the Thames at Chelsea; Mrs. Peter Fleetwood-Hesketh, sister of the M.P., Mr. Ralph Assheton; and Mr. Felix Kelly, the well-known painter, whose show at the Leicester Galleries is due to open on November 28.

NOV. 13.—A farewell party for Señor Don Carlos Chapoy-Vidaurri, who has been Mexican Second Secretary here and is now going to Washington, was given by Baron Theo von Roth at his house in Minera Mews, Belgravia. Mr. Denis Ramsey, who has made a model of the Queen's Coronation coach which has been accepted by Her Majesty, was there with his wife Rosie; also Mr. and Mrs. John Siddeley, Lord and Lady Colwyn, Mr. and Mrs. John Sanger, who farm in Sussex; Kathleen Lady Domville; Lord Swinton's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cunliffe-Lister; Mr. David Naylor-Leyland, of the Queen's Company, Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Warner, Miss Helen Shaw, one of the youngest woman barristers; and, both in the Coldstreams and at Caterham, Mr. Alastair Tower and Mr. Dick Gubbins.

NOV. 14.—A pleasant party was given at Londonderry House by the Inter-Varsities Club, which was formed to continue the social activities of undergraduates in the vacation months. From half-past eight until the morning, young members and ex-members of the universities danced to the music of Geraldo's band and lined the elegant and famous stairway waiting for the arrival of the president, Mr. Jimmy Edwards. Alas, he did not come, but we noticed among the guests and members Kay and Tony West, who started the club, Miss Josephine Hope, strikingly festooned in a grand dress of turquoise blue brocade and blue net; and the debutante Miss Biddy Lyle with Mr. Edward Hardwicke, son of Sir Cedric, both of whom indulged in the Highland dancing. Mr. Jeremy Nicholl gave a spirited exhibition of fencing with his sword-stick to end the evening.

Another dance that evening was the "500" Ball at Claridge's, in aid of the British Rheumatic Association. Princess Marie Louise, president

(Continued overleaf.)

NOV. 18.—AT THE SKI CLUB DINNER. At this event were, *left:* Miss June Crossthwaite; *right:* Miss Hilary Laing, of Berkshire, who was a member of the British Olympic team. This joyful reunion of skiers was at the Savoy Hotel, where lovely girls belied the toughness of their attainments in pretty dresses.

NOV. 19.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. Lady George Scott, herself an artist (as Molly Bishop), at the fifty-ninth exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly.

NOV. 20.—COMMITTEE MEETING AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS. *L. to r.:* Mr. Bob Wolff, Lord Rosebery and the Duchess of Norfolk at the committee meeting in connection with the European Royal Première of *Hans Christian Andersen* at the Carlton, Haymarket, on December 19, proceeds from which will be devoted to the Scottish Veterans Garden City Association.

NOV. 21.—WEDDING AT WINDSOR. At Windsor Parish Church Mr. R. E. de A. Woollcombe married Miss Phœbe Morshead, younger daughter of Sir Owen Morshead, the Queen's librarian, and Lady Morshead. *L. to r.,* Major and Mrs. Frank Woollcombe, parents of the bridegroom; Mr. Rupert Woollcombe, brother and best man; Miss Donetta Woollcombe, sister and bridesmaid; the bridegroom and bride; Miss Mary Morshead, sister of the bride; Mr. Lawrence Morshead, brother; Lady and Sir Owen Morshead.

Our Social

of the ball, and Lady Waddilove, chairman, received the hundreds of guests and later a brand new orchid was named the *Viscount Nuffield* after the president of the B.R.A. The pretty specimen flower, sponsored by Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Mr. Ralph Mansfield and Mr. Peter Black, who produced it, was then presented to the Princess. There was a cabaret by Miss Lind Joyce, Lord Kitchener, Robert Morley and Miss Diane Hart. Master Jeremy Spenser presented the prizes.

NOV. 16.—The gay scene of an unusual Sunday party was historic Trinity College, Cambridge, where Mr. Peter Jameson had his Christmas showing of waistcoat designs: proof that the tradition of Zuleika Dobson and Max Beerbohm is at least still being propagated!

Almost all the guests came from London to enjoy pink champagne and feel exotic in the rooms Mr. Jameson has decorated himself, and to inspect the array of designs and suggested materials of the collection. Noticeable among the people there were Mr. Colin Anson with the Baroness von Veiel, who delighted everyone by arriving in an electric brougham; Mr. John Lockwood, who ordered a striking dress waistcoat in gold damask; Mr. Colin Graham who, with the Baroness Collot d'Escury, is leaving for Holland for the production of their opera *Tatiana.*

NOV. 17.—News from Perigord, in the Dordogne, tells of all the interesting people who are cleverly retiring to that sequestered and nostalgic region. Among them are André Maurois and Colette—creators, respectively, of Colonel Bramble and Cheri, two of our favourite fictitious characters. Brian Wallace, son of the prolific Edgar, lives, too, in this delightful neighbourhood; Josephine Baker, who meant Paris to the would-be-sophisticated long ago, has established her family in one of these glittering chateaux while she makes a farewell, *farewell* tour of South America.

NOV. 20.—Lady Midleton kindly lent her lovely warm house in Hyde Park Gardens for the committee meeting in connection with the Ball for the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, which is to take place at the Dorchester on December 11. Lady Howe was a very efficient chairman, and hard-working committee members who came along to the meeting included Lady Curzon, Lady Willingdon, Lady Lowson and Miss Virginia Tate.

At Mr. Michael Alexander's gay birthday party there was roulette in one room—a form of "depravity" which is really quite fun as a mere game played, as it was here, among friends; another room was devoted to food and wine and a third to conversation—the gayest game of all for those equipped for it, as lots of people there were, including Mr. Giles Romilly, nephew of Mr. Winston Churchill and writer as well as converser; Mr. Peter Quennell, whose new book of essays is successor to a number

OV. 26.—THE WEDDING OF THE WANING YEAR. The Duchess of Gloucester went to the wedding of Lord Melgund :d Lady Caroline Child-Villiers at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the elder son of Lord and Lady Minto; she the ıughter of Lord Jersey and Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson. *Top left:* The bride shakes hands with the guard of honour from ord Melgund's regiment, the Scots Guards; *top right:* Bride and bridegroom look smilingly backwards as they leave the ıurch; *bottom left:* Some of the bridesmaids: altogether there were two children, Sarah Chetwode and Susan More O'Ferrall, ıd five grown-ups: Miss Sarah Wilson, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, Lady Annabel Stewart, Miss Sara Long and Miss Tess d'Erlanger. *Bottom right:* The eighteen-year-old bride with her twenty-four-year-old bridegroom.

Diary (contd.)

of splendidly varied works; Mr. Arthur Koestler, author of much fictitious gloom; Mr. Robert Buhler, the painter; Mr. Sandy McKendrick, the Ealing Studios director of *Whisky Galore, The Man in White* and *Mandy*; Nanos Valaoritis, the Greek poet; Mr. Humphrey Slater, author of the fascinating novel, about a Communist Guards officer, called *The Conspirator*, and now a new novel, *Calypso*, which is about a modern version of that famous figure in Greek mythology. Also there were Mr. Michael Swann and Mr. Robin Feddon, both writers of contrasted kinds; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Beckett, son and daughter-in-law of Lord Grimthorpe; Mr. Simon Asquith; his cousin, Miss Christine Asquith, daughter of the late Brigadier-General Arthur Asquith; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blow—she was Miss Diana Bethell; Miss Star Arbuthnot; Miss Josephine Corry, who is studying singing; Major Desmond Buchanan, husband of Lady Dufferin—he arrived with an engaging dog; and Miss Antonia and Mr. Mervyn Herbert from Tetton, in Somerset.

High up and raftered, with vast bottles for lamps, Mr. Alexander's becomingly-lit flat makes a very nice place for a party.

NOV. 24.—There was a private view of paintings by members of the 43 Group, which was formed in 1943 in Colombo, Ceylon, when the best Ceylonese painters came together under the leadership of the photographer Lionel Wendt in revolt against the academic Ceylon Society of Arts: this, their first exhibition in London, opened to-day at the Imperial Institute Art Gallery.

In the evening, splendour prevailed at the Royal Festival Hall, to which the Queen went with the Duke of Edinburgh to the St. Cecilia Concert, both looking, as always, superb. Opinions about architecture may be diverse, but, nevertheless, our newest concert hall was very much *en fête* for this Royal Concert, to which the Queen and Duke were greeted by a herald of trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music.

In the Royal Box with the Queen and the Duke were Lady Ravensdale (wearing deep red), who was the hon. treasurer of the Royal Concert; the chairman, Mr. James Smith, an uncle of Lord Hambleden; Lady Alice Egerton, then Lady-in-Waiting, and Captain Lord Plunket.

Among people in the audience were Mr. Charles Chaplin, Sir Alexander and Lady Cadogan, Lord and Lady Waverley, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Dr. Healey Willan (composer of the "Apostrophe to the Heavenly Hosts," which was part of the programme), and Lady Jowitt.

In Our Social Diary in the last issue of *The Sketch* we described Mr. Oswald Bertram as the chairman of the Distillers' Company of Great Britain. The chairman of the Distillers' Company is, in fact, Sir Henry Ross. The confusion of identity arose from the fact that Mr. Bertram is chairman and managing director of Booths' Distillers, Ltd.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

NOV. 19.—THE "GALLANT TIPPS" ARE AWAY. The opening meet of the famous Tipperary hounds was at Fethard. *Left:* Lord Donoughmore of Knocklofty, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, Joint-Master; *centre:* Lady Donoughmore, between Mr. Conor Carrigan, a former Master (*left*), and Mr. Richard Mulcahy, new Joint-Master. *Right:* Lady Howard of Penrith, sister of Lady Donoughmore.

NOV. 20.—BLOODSTOCK SALES AT BALLSBRIDGE. *Left:* Mr. John Thursby, with Mr. Andrew Levins-Moore, a former Master of the Ward Union Staghounds. *Right:* Mr. and Mrs. Basil de Las Casas from Piperstown, Naas, County Kildare. She is the elder daughter of Mrs. Brinsley Plunket.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Irish Social Diary

ALMOST all the leaves have fallen now; ditches are no longer blind and there is little cover for foxes. The cubs that were harassed in leafier months have had to double up on sharpness, their only advantage now is the way they fashionably "tone" with the fallen and falling leaves.

NOV. 17.—The County Limerick hounds met at Kilpeacon in ideal hunting weather with a field of over sixty riders, including lots of beautifully turned out women. Last season this pack killed 58½ brace—more than any other pack in Ireland—and the country has probably never been in better heart than it is to-day, with Lord Daresbury a great success as M.F.H. He hunts hounds himself, quite a tough job in a country where the banks are so huge, often with creek-like ditches on each side.

Among people out were Mrs. Gerry Furnell, going very well on her good grey horse; Lady Helena Hilton-Green, sister of the late Lord Fitzwilliam, wearing a smart, though unorthodox, green coat; Captain Evan Williams, the well-known trainer, and his wife, who have just come over from England to live permanently in County Limerick; Captain F. M. Bloomfield, a former Master of The Island; Mr. Noel O'Dwyer, son of the famous Irish Army horseman; Lady Jane Stanhope, daughter of Lord Harrington, very confident on her small pony; Major and Mrs. Fred Kennedy—she goes very well side-saddle—and Mrs. W. E. Lyon, a visitor from the Heythrop. There was a big family turn-out by the Molonys of Rathmore; Mr. Martin Molony, the Irish champion jockey, had not been riding since his steeplechase accident earlier in the year.

Seeing what fun she could from a jeep which took her cross-country was Frances Lady Daresbury, the Master's mother, over from England; also following by car was Mr. "Ginger" Wellesley.

NOV. 18-22.—There were 647 lots on offer at the yearly November Bloodstock Sales at Ballsbridge, where record-breaking low prices were fetched—well-made thoroughbred foals selling for £3 to £5.

It was horribly cold and frosty; the only warm-looking woman we saw was dressed in a fur-lined flying suit. Among the freezing onlookers were Lord and Lady Fingall, Mr. Herbrand Alexander, brother of Lord Caledon, and Mrs. Alexander, one of Ireland's most successful breeders of cattle; Mr. Edward Corbally Stourton, uncle of England's premier baron, Lord Mowbray; Miss Rose Talbot, a sister of Lord Talbot de Malahide; Mr. Thady Ryan, Master of the famous Scarteen Black and Tans; Major Anthony Burke, M.F.H. the West Waterford, and his wife, who is a sister of Lady Lewes. Others about were Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall; Colonel Blake, who trains the President of Ireland's horses; Mrs. Jack Thursby, over from England; and her Irish stud manager, Major Hubert Tyrrell.

H.H. Princess Marie Louise, president, being greeted by helpers at the Hyde Park Hotel when she arrived for the annual bridge and canasta party for the R.N.L.I.

On a balcony, *l. to r.*, Mrs. W. Carrigan, Miss Julie de Wesselow, Mr. Bernard Gilliatt, Mr. Stanley J. Roberts, Miss Mary Bethune, Mr. A. G. Angell, Miss Jennifer Beaumont Price, Miss Shirley Milton and Miss Rosemary Hardy.

Miss Jennifer Wainwright selling a raffle ticket to Countess Howe, whose husband is deputy-chairman of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

A fine white, quilted broadtail stole was first worn by Miss Jacqueline Moore (*left*) and afterwards auctioned. She is with her sister, Miss Jeanne Moore.

Carefully shielding their cards from each other and the camera (!) are, *l. to r.*, Mr. W. B. Shires, Mrs. L. Tanner, Miss Marjorie Mars and Miss Rosemary Shires.

BRIDGE AND CANASTA FOR THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICE

At the fifth annual Bridge and Canasta Party to aid the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, at the Hyde Park Hotel, H.H. Princess Marie Louise, the President, received the 600 guests. Lady Bird was Chairman for the fifth successive year, and a bevy of beautiful debs. and ex-debs. worked hard, selling programmes, raffle tickets and handing round refreshments. The next function to aid the same cause is to be a dance at the Dorchester on December 11.

Photographed by A. V. Swaebe.

Very jolly at this very successful party were Mrs. and Mr. Peter Spencer-Smith with Mr. and Mrs. Robin Morritt.

About to draw raffle tickets, *l. to r.*, are Mr. C. M. Sargeant, Mrs. Cecil Britton and Miss Rhona Muirhead, secretary of the Party Committee.

Three programme-sellers, *l. to r.*, Miss Ann-Davina Alderton, Miss Rosemary Focke and Miss Susan Wainwright.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

An Italian Straw Hat
(*Old Vic*)

IT was trimmed with poppies, you may remember, and it was eaten by a horse. Most unfortunate, especially as the owner of the horse was on his way to be married; and the owner of the hat, who was philandering with a firebrand Captain of Zouaves, could not return to her jealous husband until another Italian straw was found. Result: a long day careering up and down and round about the Paris of the 1850's—in the Old Vic revival, the 1880's—with eight cab-loads of wedding-guests on the trail of the bridegroom and the bridegroom on the trail of the straw.

That is the absurd plot of one of the famous farces of the century; a play, by Labiche and Marc-Michel, that is in the repertory of the Comédie-Française, but—so some of my appalled colleagues seem to say—should not be in the repertory of the Old Vic. True, if farce were needed this season, one of Pinero's might have filled the bill better; but I do not propose to be ungrateful to Denis Carey for his inventive production of *An Italian Straw Hat*. No one can afford to be dogmatic about a sense of humour. Thus, while acknowledging the technical quality of the Crazy Gang, I find their revues tedious in the extreme. That may be my fault; I do not excuse myself. On the other side, I happen to be amused by the crazy-week gangsters of Labiche at the Old Vic (just as I should be if they were in the heart of the West End). One set of jokes seems to me to be funny, the other not.

I will not pretend that *An Italian Straw Hat*, in Thomas Walton's version, is wholly first rate. Some of its lines are dire; and the character of the father-in-law—provided now with a north-of-Trent accent—is dreariness itself (no fault of that likeable actor, Newton Blick). But nobody who enjoys, say, Aldwych farce, can complain of this scamper through a world in which Travers, Labiche and Marc-Michel would be the best of friends. If we laugh at the catch-phrases of Robertson Hare, we ought to laugh at the catch-phrases of Paul Rogers as the old cashier, damply mournful. If we enjoy Ralph Lynn's quicksilver twitchings, we should not scowl too sternly at Laurence Payne: he may not be a *farceur* born, but he pelts with enjoyment through the play as the bridegroom who does not care a straw for anything but the hat—the Italian hat with the poppies.

And there are other persons. If you saw *Romeo and Juliet*, you will find it hard to recognise William Squire (the Benvolio), now with the "upturned, wondering eyes" of that deaf old cherub who, at the last, is an inspired hatter. Peter Finch, a pistol in each hand, is a model for all jealous husbands; and John Phillips, a magnificently splenetic Captain; Yvonne Coulette, Gudrun Ure and Jane Wenham help in the frenzied chase. Yes, I know that some of the dialogue creaks. Yes, I know that René Clair made a film of this farce. Yes, I know that some of the actors wear wigs. Yes, I know that the Old Vic is the Old Vic. Yes, I know that I ought to be in a raging bad temper about the whole thing. Alas, I am not. There were, you may recall, few outbreaks of startled horror when the Arts revived the same version in the summer of 1945. . . . *But can-can dancers at the Old Vic! Really, Mr. Carey! And really, Mr. Trewin!*

Ring Out the Bells
(*Victoria Palace*)

LAUGHTER came less readily at the Victoria Palace. I speak for myself. Around me the theatre swayed. Strong men melted in their seats. Women sobbed hysterically. But I observed only the presence of Bud Flanagan, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold dressed as four women and a baby. The put-him-in-skirts jest has always been funny; it is so in Christmas pantomime, when Widow Twankey has only to appear once for laughter to swell from stalls to gallery. But it seems to me to be a rather overrated flash of wit (Oh, I grant you: Robertson Hare!), and most of the Crazy Gang's fun depends upon comparable jocosities. It is the usual Lower Third fooling; I do not feel justified in calling the players wildly comic merely because they are excellent technicians and have been doing this sort of thing for years. Still (see above), it all rests upon the individual sense of humour, and that is something we can argue about into the night watches. I laughed when Mr. Flanagan, about to "die," kicked a bucket. I recognised the vigour with which he sang popular songs. And I liked Teddy Knox's shrewd eye and cock of the head. But much of the material in this revue is lamentable. Frankly, I do not see why tradition should debar one from saying so.

A YOUNG MAN WITH A SKULL; by Frans Hals. This painting, which has often been called *Hamlet*, is at present on view at the Dutch Pictures Exhibition at the Royal Academy. "Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy . . ."

The Blue Lamp
(*London Hippodrome*)

READERS of *The Young Visiters* will recall, I hope, how Bernard Clark ended his letter to Lord Clincham with the words: "I must run up to the Compartments one day and look you up." But those Compartments, at the Crystal Palace, were "the haunts of the Aristokracy." The thirty or more into which the play of *The Blue Lamp* is divided, are down in the East End, and split between police-stations, street scenes, telephone booths and frowsy bedrooms. If you run over to the Hippodrome and look them up, you may be happy enough. Jan Read and Ted Willis have based their play on the film, and the treatment is entirely cinematic. When, at the end, the young horror who has shot the policeman is trapped upon a music-hall stage—I was nearly beaten underfoot in a preliminary scuffle in the stalls—it is possible to salute an uncommonly loyal bit of team-work.

Everything is bound to be sketchy. Some of the sketches are worth while. Gordon Harker can present genial constables as well as he used to present genial old lags; I am sorry he has to be murdered. Jack Warner's Inspector has clearly dropped in from the "station"; and no one in a long cast lets down the side. An evening of snippets; but if you feel like a run up to the compartments, you will probably find two hours passing quickly. I found it strange to get back later to a play in three acts and one set.

High Balcony (*Embassy*)
The Holy Terrors (*Arts*)

NO one with any real feeling for the stage should ignore the restored Embassy. Its first two productions have proved (whatever you may think about the plays) that the level of acting and production here is uncommonly high, and that there is a management with views on playgoing-in-comfort. The second choice of the season, Peter Ustinov's *High Balcony*, from the year 1946, is a provocative treatment of events in the German Legation of neutral "Noland," first on the outbreak of war, then in the summer of 1945. Ustinov's dialogue prickles with intelligence; and his characters—with one exception—are persons, not puppets. (Not that the puppet matters: he is an amusing visitor.) I would ask you to note especially the poised performance of Mark Dignam as a German Colonel, and Elaine Wodson's intensity in the small part of a woman who is a walking swastika. Donald Pleasence, as usual, can chill us: if I meet him out of the theatre, I shall run very fast in the opposite direction.

There is, for once, a less happy tale at the Arts. Jean Cocteau is an over-lauded dramatist; and *The Holy Terrors* is, I am afraid, a feeble play. It seemed to me to be shoddy when I heard another version in the Third Programme; and this Arts Theatre production does not make me change my mind. Even Fay Compton, one of the most accomplished players in the English theatre, looked embarrassed as a famous actress whose private life—as Cocteau shows it to us—is deplorably tedious. The best thing in the evening is an irrelevant radio-interview, a turn well managed by Alec McCowen, Noël Hood and Marcia Ashton. Occasional lines gleam, and the cast is untiring. Loud sing Cocteau—but for me he sings out of tune.

PRESENT AND FUTURE

DRAMATISTS have been looking at Cornwall lately—sometimes happily, sometimes not. We hope for good things from *Sweet Peril*, by Reginald Denham and Mary Orr, which opens to-night (December 3) at the St. James's, with Dulcie Gray, Michael Denison, Marie Löhr, Ron Randell and Margot Stevenson. The scene is set in the neighbourhood of Land's End.

ON TO CHRISTMAS

December 23 will be a busy day in the theatre. In *The Muffin Show* at the Vaudeville (matinees), Annette Mills and Ann Hogarth will bring Muffin, Prudence Kitten (making her stage début), and scores of animals belonging to the Hogarth Puppet Circus; *Christmas Magic* opens (twice daily) at the Fortune, with Murray, the "escapologist" and illusionist, and a team of magicians; and at the Scala, yet again, *Peter Pan* flies in, this time with Brenda Bruce as Peter, and James Donald as Captain Hook.

GETTING AROUND

Next Monday (December 8), Rosalie Crutchley will follow Patricia Burke in *Murder Mistaken* at the Vaudeville. . . . *Maria Marten* (December 19) is the Christmas revival at the Arts, with Mark Dignam as William Corder and Sonia Williams as Maria. . . . *Jack and the Beanstalk on Ice* begins at the Empress Hall on December 11; Emile Littler's *Jack and Jill* at the Casino on December 18, and *Sleeping Beauty on Ice* at the Empire Pool, Wembley, on the same evening.

Gordon Jackson, a young actor on his way up, is in Seagulls Over Sorrento; he married lovely Miss Rona Anderson, with whom he is photographed, during the run of the play.

Guests of honour: Dame Sybil Thorndike, *left*, and Dame Edith Evans, illustrious lights of *Waters of the Moon*, with Mr. Ronald Shiner, laughter-maker in *Seagulls Over Sorrento*.

THEATRELAND CELEBRATES A DOUBLE SUCCESS

Mr. Hugh Beaumont was the host at a delightful party in the Ivy Restaurant recently to celebrate almost simultaneous theatrical achievements by two of our most popular current plays: the Apollo Theatre production of *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, which had then reached its 1000th performance; and *Waters of the Moon*, which had broken the record for the Haymarket Theatre with 645 performances.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Miss Gladys Cooper, now playing so successfully in Mr. Noël Coward's *Relative Values* at the Savoy, was a guest and is here with Mr. Hugh Beaumont, host.

L. to r., finishing their coffee, are Mr. Charles Brody, Sir Lewis Casson, Mr. Bernard Gordon, Miss Henryetta Edwards, daughter of Henry Edwards, one of the most popular film-stars of his day; and Mr. Leo Beiber.

Miss Wendy Hiller of *Waters of the Moon* in the foreground; behind her Dr. Csato Tibor, then Miss Sonia Williams, Mr. Ronald Gow, Miss Diana Wynyard, Mr. Nigel Stock, Miss Adrienne Allen and Mr. N. C. Hunter (author of *Waters of the Moon*).

A cheerful party among unbroached rolls and table napkins were, *l. to r.*, Mrs. Wilfred Pickles, Miss Kathleen Harrison, Mr. Wilfred Pickles and Miss Angela Baddeley.

Standing, l. to r., are Dame Sybil Thorndike, Lady Albery and Sir Bronson Albery; *sitting, on the right*, is Sir Lewis Casson, Dame Sybil's husband and one of our most distinguished actors.

DUTCH INTERIOR: 17th CENTURY

(From the current exhibition of Dutch Pictures at the Royal Academy.)

A SURGEON BANDAGING A PATIENT'S FOOT; by Isaac Koedyck.

In past centuries, Dutch painters have been chiefly famous for their interiors; in fact "like a Dutch interior" has become a common simile for meticulous, if crowded, detail and, apart from the many notable portraits and landscapes, the current exhibition at Burlington House, which remains on show until March 1, has plenty to offer.

DUTCH INTERIOR: 20th CENTURY

(From the recent exhibition of 20th Century Masterpieces at the Tate Gallery.)

DUTCH INTERIOR; by Joan Miro.

The 20th Century Masterpieces exhibition which was on show at the Tate Gallery last August, and from which we reproduce this modern conception of a Dutch interior, was originally shown in Paris, and was brought to London by the Arts Council "to demonstrate with what vitality art has flourished in a free world."

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

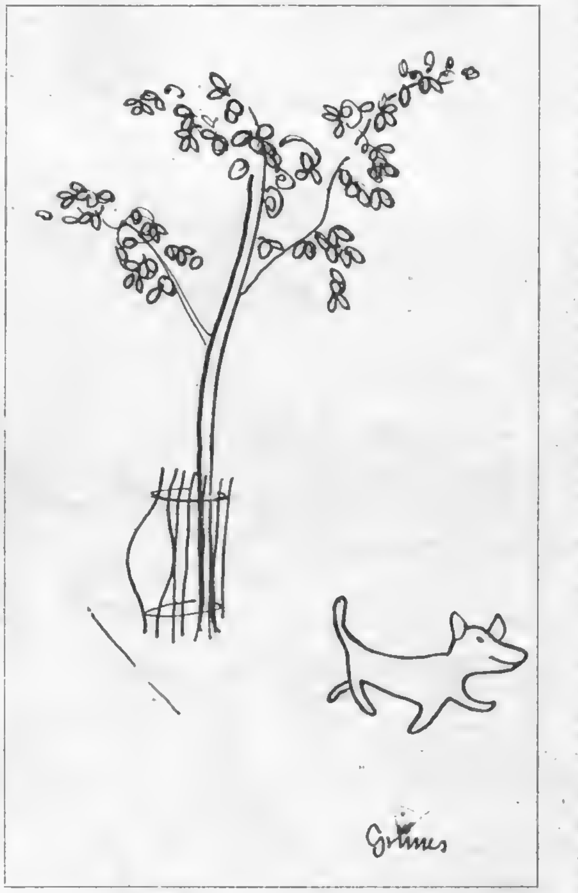
Taking Stock—Horses and Jockeys

THE close of the flat-racing season is the appropriate moment to take stock. The result is a one-horse affair. The name of *Tulyar* overshadows everything else. More than £65,000 stake-money stands to his credit. It enabled the Aga Khan to top the list of winning owners with an aggregate of £92,518. The trainer's total just fell short of J. Lawson's 1931 record. Even so, Marcus Marsh can look with satisfaction at a total of £92,093, very nearly £40,000 more than Fred Armstrong, who was his nearest challenger. It is significant that Armstrong, Jack Jarvis and the Northern trainer C. F. Elsey could claim twice the number of winners alongside Marsh. The statistical table of sires shows *Tehran*, the sire of *Tulyar*, well ahead; in fact, the stake-money won by his stock—£84,177—has eclipsed the previous record held by *Blandford*.

The jockeys' table sees Gordon Richards in his accustomed rôle of champion. His total of 231 winning mounts was four better than last season. D. Smith again occupies second place, with 97 winners against 117 of twelve months ago. Lester Piggott ended with the creditable total of 79 to take fifth place. Glancing down the list, I am reminded of the truism that good horses make good jockeys. Yet that is only partly true. A successful jockey needs certain qualities that are seldom, if ever, all found in one man. The records indicate that Gordon Richards is the nearest to this standard. If the criterion be the greatest number of winners, the compliment would be true. With the exception of Sam Heapy and Fred Archer, no other jockey has so dominated the Turf. On the other hand, Richards has limitations. I preferred the hands of Steve Donoghue and the faultless judgment of pace of Harry Wragg. This is not criticism, rather is it an acknowledgment of the fact that the fingerprints of jockeyship are individualistic. Certain fundamentals of style are essential, but there is plenty of latitude in interpretation.

I regard Tod Sloan as a good example. Richards has made racing history, but Sloan revolutionised it. He arrived from America with fixed ideas on horsemanship. In 1897 he rode *St. Cloud* in the Cesarewitch, using methods that horrified the purists. Short stirrups and knees almost on the horse's withers introduced the "monkey crouch." Critics maintained that it was foreign to the art of horsemanship. Maybe they were right, but the record book shows how successful it was in practice. In 1899, Sloan claimed 108 winners out of 345 mounts. He approached jockeyship in scientific fashion. Believing that British horse-shoes were too heavy, he introduced a lightweight type from America with marked success.

I am not putting forward Sloan as a paragon of jockeyship. His ranking in racing history is more that of an innovator. He could not be compared with a jockey like Harry Wragg, who was a genius at nursing a horse through a race. Wragg reduced the judgment of pace to a sensitive science. Riding with wrists and hands, he was famed for the way he brought his horse through with a rush at the end. His speciality was the waiting race. He could ride equally well on any horse, but was most effective on a mount that could respond to a last-minute burst. I would describe Wragg as an individualist. He timed his retirement to perfection. I recall it as if it were yesterday—November 6, 1946—a Manchester hat-trick that included the November Handicap.



I would include Michael Beary as a further choice. His horsemanship could not be faulted. Riding was second nature to him from childhood. His confidence was unbounded. Edgar Britt's style is also impressive. His record is sound—77 winners placed him sixth in the table. Like most Australians, Britt sits well forward. His hands are faultless. Billy Cooke, "Togo" Johnstone and "Brownie" Carslake are other Australian names that are traditionally associated with impeccable methods. Bobby Jones would be listed high in any ranking-table of jockeys. When he retired in 1947 to become a trainer, he had every classic to his credit except the Derby. His success might be ascribed to an uncanny sense of rhythm.

Tommy Weston is another individualist. Volatile by nature, he has ridden many storming winners with the emphasis on balance. Charlie Elliott is another who has copy-book methods. The same is definitely true of the imperturbable Smith brothers. Lester Piggott has curbed some of the impetuosity of youth and is settling down into an outstanding jockey. It is impossible to comment on them all—brilliant jockeys like Charlie Smirke, Ken Gethin, W. Nevett, E. Mercer and Billy Rickaby. Freddie Fox used to say that Danny Maher was the best all-rounder he knew when it came to jockeyship. The praise was deserved. Maher is remembered as the finest American jockey to have crossed the Atlantic. Analytical examination of his methods showed that he possessed most of the desired qualities—ideal hands; adaptability; sensitive judgment of pace; perfect seat; cool, calculating brain.

He rode for thirteen years in this country. During that time he won 1,421 races, including the Derby three times, the St. Leger and Two Thousand Guineas twice. Unlike so many jockeys, Maher never used the whip.

That is more than could be said of Fred Archer. He had Maher's talents in a big way, plus a cast-iron nerve and hot temper. Mat Dawson used to call him that "long-legged, tin-scraping young devil." Archer seemed to communicate something of his impetuous nature to the horse. His record speaks for itself. He won the Derby five times, the Oaks four times, St. Leger six times, and the One Thousand Guineas twice: 2,749 winners stand to his credit. From 1874 to 1886 inclusive, Archer headed the list of winning jockeys. His record of 246 winning mounts in 1885 stood for forty-eight years. In 1933 Gordon Richards passed the total with 259 winners. Evaluating Gordon Richards's jockeyship is not easy. Like Archer, his record puts him in a category of his own. Injuries alone prevented him from winning the title of champion jockey twenty-one years in succession since 1931. There is no questioning his greatness. How it has been achieved is difficult to decide. His methods are straightforward. He rides with a long rein, has perfect balance and a highly-developed will to win. In every sense Gordon Richards is the Champion Jockey.

Even so, my choice would fall on other shoulders. I would nominate Steve Donoghue as possessing the ideal qualities of jockeyship. Six times he won the most coveted of all races, the Derby. The cry "Come on, Steve!" is synonymous with his reign. In partnership with *Brown Jack*, we saw the nearest that horse and jockey have come to achieving perfect co-ordination of mind and muscle. Rider and animal became one. The peak was reached in 1934, when together they won the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot for the sixth year in succession.

Allowing for differences in methods and styles, my ranking-list of jockeyship would place Steve Donoghue a short head in front of Danny Maher, Gordon Richards, Fred Archer and Harry Wragg.

Out and About

The First Round of the F.A. Cup dangled in front of the small-time clubs the reminder that last season's F.A. Cup pool resulted in Newcastle, Arsenal and the F.A. receiving £6,365 and 92 clubs each getting £1,097. The Amateur Cup pool resulted in Walthamstow, Leyton and the F.A. each receiving £3,844; 64 clubs each received £88. . . . An etiquette point that might be noted in club Rugby—the New South Wales Rugby Union issued a special rule for their matches against the Fijians—all long-haired and six-footers. They had not to pull their visitors' hair. . . . Far Eastern optimism—Japan's first post-war ambassador, Mr. Shunichi Matsumoto, introduced a novel touch in his first public speech at a Grosvenor House banquet. Referring to the common misconception about slave-labour conditions in Japan, his observations are reassuring. . . . "We don't have football pools, but it does not follow that we work twenty-four hours a day!"

University Sport

A certain amount of ill-informed comment about South Africans and Rhodes Scholarships has preceded the University Match at Twickenham. Admittedly, on paper, the teams suggest a test of strength between Cambridge University and the Springboks, but the point is immaterial. Both captains chose their teams from men in residence. Skill is the only passport to a Blue. Not a great deal was apparent in the Oxford XV. when I watched the annual match against Major R. V. Stanley's XV. Individual honours went to J. E. Woodward, N. G. Davidson and A. F. Dorward in Stanley's XV. The Oxford full back, J. Marshall, was cool and reliable. The three-quarters were disappointing, whilst the forwards showed far more initiative than I expected. No doubt the partial failures can be explained by several team changes that had to be made through injury, and it was no mean feat to hold the opposition whilst playing most of the match with one man off the field. Spectators are far more colloquial with advice at Iffley Road than they are at Cambridge. One individual, economising without a programme, identified Stanley's men by the colour of their club stockings!

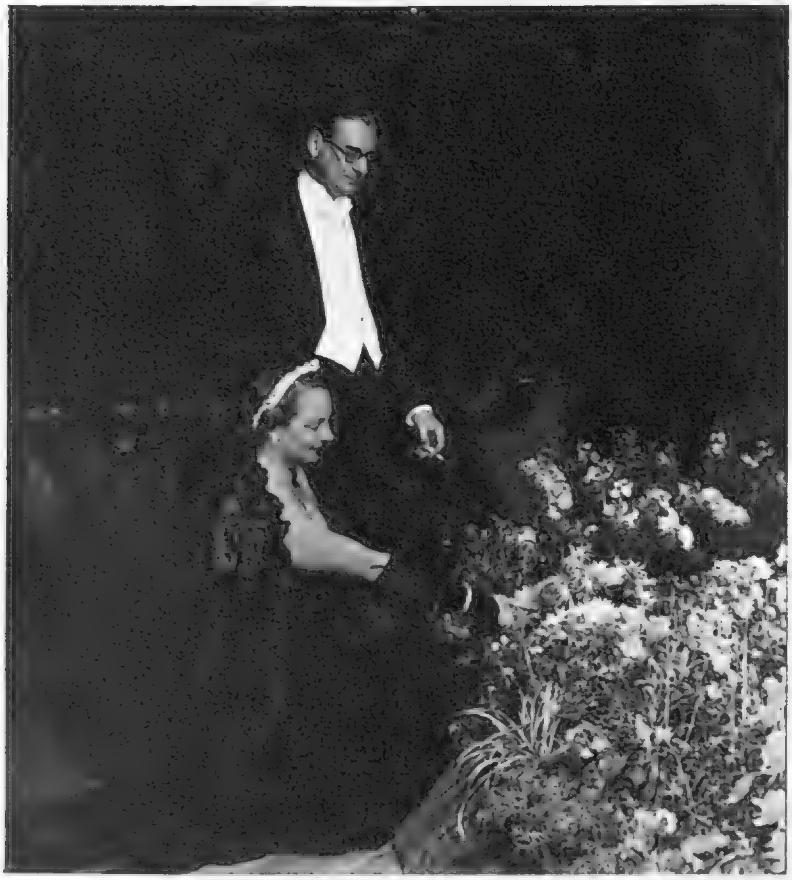
IN KOREA, GENTLEMEN STILL PREFER BLONDES . . .

. . . and this one in particular ! Marilyn Monroe is justified in hugging herself on top of the world ; not only has she been chosen by marooned men in Korea as their No. 1 Pin-Up Girl, but has been picked to play the part of Anita Loos's immortal Lorelei in 20th Century-Fox's musical version of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, in which, with her less fortunate brunette friend, Dorothy, she reveals herself forever as "a girl like I," to whom a kiss on the hand is all very well, but a diamond bracelet lasts for ever.

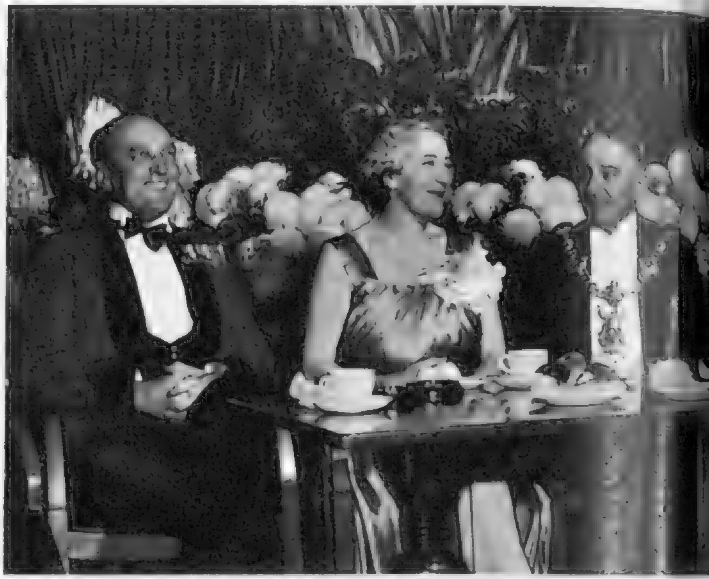
A GARDEN PARTY—

WHEN the Lord and Lady Mayoress of Portsmouth (Alderman and Mrs. Albert Johnson) held their civic reception and ball on the South Parade Pier on Friday, November 14, guests entering the minor hall from the cold, misty atmosphere outside were surprised to find that it had been transformed into a garden, complete with pond and rustic bridge, very reminiscent of the gardens section at the Ideal Home Exhibition. The guests passed over the bridge, were duly announced and received, and then went into the main hall for dancing, where a large illuminated city crest dominated proceedings from the back of the stage and set the seal

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer,



The variety of flowers which surrounded the pond in the reception hall at the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth's Civic Ball was a constant source of admiration. Duly admiring are Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Birkett: he is a well-known solicitor and is hon. sec. of the local branch of the English Speaking Union.



At the Lord Mayor's own table, among the large palms, shrubs were, *l. to r.*, Major-General C. F. Phillips of the Portsmouth Group, Admiral Sir John Edelsten, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth,

L. to r.: Miss Marilyn Widdop, Miss Mary Mumford and Messrs. Denis and Patrick Daley, sons of Alderman Sir Denis Daley, a former Lord Mayor of Portsmouth and Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Southampton.

L. to r.: Mr. Gordon Cogswell, who is an architect, Mrs. Cogswell, Mrs. Parkin, Mr. Parkin, the City Engineer, Mrs. Thompson and Mr. A. R. Thompson, the City Treasurer.

L. to r.: Mrs. Friedberger, Mr. F. C. Rea, comman- Constabulary, Mr. D. Portsmouth Grammar Mrs.

L. to r.: Councillor C. Norton-Thomas, Alderman H. Cook, Mr. C. Lomer (*standing*), Alderman Winnicott, a former Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, Mrs. Winnicott and Mrs. Lomer.

—BUT ALL INDOORS

on a fine civic occasion which represented a complete cross-section of the people of Portsmouth.

The occasion was marked, too, in that it was the first time out for the Wren Officers' new mess dress—black bolero with the rank shown on the full-length sleeves, ground-length black Ottoman silk skirt and white Marcella blouse.

But there was just one thing missing—there were no goldfish in the pond. The fish themselves were ready, but the pond sprang a leak. It was repaired with cement—and that would have meant death to goldfish.

Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

and huge chrysanthemums which transformed the reception hall, Royal Marines, Lady Edelsten, the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, the Lady Mayoress, Lady Morgan and Miss Daphne Morgan.

rigadier Friedberger, ant of the local Special ndsay, headmaster of chool, Mrs. Rea and ndsay.

A pause from the rigours of dancing and a quiet chat for Mrs. Cobb, Miss Shirley Clarke and Rear-Admiral (E) Cobb, staff engineer officer to the Commander-in-Chief.

L. to r.: Mr. Trevor Glanville; Chief-Officer J. Denham, Senior Wren Officer, and Superintendent E. Hoyer Millar of Home Air Command in their new mess dress; and Commodore Sir Aubrey St. Clair Ford.

Little Miss Daphne Morgan was in the seventh heaven of delight when she led out the dancers with her grandfather, the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, as her partner.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

British Films Invade American TV Programmes

"AT the moment we are in the finger-crossing stage, but with a bit of luck this may be the start of a very important export industry"—that is how Douglas Fairbanks summed up his present activities.

It is an open secret that he has formed a company whose object is to make a series of short films, in this country, for showing on American television. These are all carefully timed to run 26½ minutes, so that when the "commercial" has been added, the programme lasts exactly half an hour.

Filmed programmes inevitably play a very important part in the schedules of American television. We say "inevitably" because it would be a physical impossibility to cast, rehearse and find studio space for the hundreds of programmes that are put on the air each day. As memory serves, there are nearly 200 stations operating in that country. And each of these broadcasts for something like eighteen hours a day, with programmes rarely lasting more than thirty minutes. So filmed programmes is the only possible way to satisfy the ravenous television appetite of between forty and fifty million daily viewers.

Hollywood has already switched a considerable proportion of its activities to the making of these special films. And as the market seems to be expanding indefinitely, Douglas Fairbanks' new venture at Elstree should be on a good wicket.

"At the moment we are working on our first contract," he continued. "It is for N.B.C., and we have undertaken to produce thirty-nine films for them. At the moment we have completed ten—all short, dramatic plays. We start two new ones each week and they are scheduled to take a week to make. That is about twice as long as Hollywood takes to turn them out, but I'm concentrating rigidly on high quality. It will pay in the end, when these British-made films establish a reputation for being first-rate. We use the best players and writers we can get, and the directors—six of them—are given plenty of time to prepare.

"So far everything seems fine. I've had wonderful co-operation from everyone, and there is a pioneer spirit in the air. But we're keeping our fingers crossed."

We would like to convey our personal good wishes for the success of Mr. Fairbanks' venture. Well known as a good friend of Britain, he is now showing that friendship in a practical way.

However, we are less than crazy about some of the filmed programmes which occasionally invade the B.B.C.'s schedules. We generally avoid any mention of them and firmly have nothing to do with those hoary old chestnuts which enliven some of the afternoon sessions. We are not a film critic and feel entitled to indulge in a little departmental "choosiness."

That is why, so far, there hasn't been a peep out of us regarding *Victory at Sea*, that astonishing series of films which are being shown on Monday nights. There has been much criticism that they tend to belittle the part the Royal Navy played during the war, while studiously glorifying the U.S. Navy. Well, as the films were designed for an American audience, it would indeed have been amazing to have the bias the other way round. It is our own silly fault that the grim and glorious story of the R.N.'s war has not already been told in a similar manner. There is a mass of material available. And surely use could be made now of some of the more exciting of the instructional films which the Navy produced during the war? Many must be well off the secret list to-day. We invite the Television Film Unit to explore this suggestion.

Any production of Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is automatically conditioned by the quality of the performance of Falstaff. The television version was no exception and took its colour from Robert Atkins, as Sir John. It was a careful, well-thought-out performance, but, to our taste, a shade too legitimate. In his efforts to bring the monstrous knight to life, Mr. Atkins inclined to understate the clowning which the part also demands. And so it was with Ian Atkins' production. It was all very correct and neatly done, but somehow there was never the feeling of being swept along by the hilarious tide of this most rollicking of farces.

It's an Ill Wind, by Winston Clewes, was another starring vehicle for an actor. This was the occasion for one of James Hayter's superb character studies which have made him peerless in this *genre*. He appeared as one of those splendid members of the artisan class who believe in a full day's work for a full day's pay. His promotion to managerial status starts no end of a rumpus and the resolution of this adds up to a passable play which is never likely to become a classic.

Yet another male star part. This time it was Basil Sydney in *No Cross, No Crown*, by Dennis Parry. The play has an involved plot and some very good dialogue, but the chief charm lay in Mr. Sydney's portrait of an eccentric retired country doctor, who sees himself as a great literary figure—but unsung and unappreciated by the Pharisees. This was a truly delightful performance and one on which we are likely to chuckle for some time to come.

On the lighter side there was the last of the *This is Show Business* series, which found Vic Oliver in a subdued mood, which becomes him more than the comic archness which often characterises him. We hope that this programme will be revived, for, say what you will, it is a rattling good entertainment.

Michael Charnley is a very up and coming new personality in the ballet world, and his first programme for television, *Dance Contrasts*, proved that he is likely to join Frederick Ashton and John Cranko in the first flight of choreographers. He had Christian Simpson and a company of talented and attractive dancers to support him, and should be duly grateful to them.

Introducing . . .

V. JEANNE HEAL

"I could go on talking about me for ever," said Jeanne Heal. "The trouble is, when I do, people are apt to think that I'm either a hundred years old, or so shockingly inefficient that I'm always getting the sack."

Now we must hastily dispel some of the false impressions which this statement may have given you. Jeanne Heal is not vain nor boastful, by any means. She is her own sternest critic, in fact. The two of us had quite an argument over her recent Case Book *programme in which she interviewed an alcoholic. In her opinion, it was the worst job she'd done for some time, in ours it was terrific.*

Of course, a single look at her on your screens will tell you that she is by no means a centenarian. And as for efficiency, five minutes' conversation is quite enough to make you aware that she simply bristles with it. She has an almost frighteningly quick grasp of things and if anyone's mind can be said to crackle, hers does.

No, the reason Jeanne Heal can tell you about herself at great length is that she has done and still does such a wide range of things.

Her great ambition always has been to be a journalist. And in order to give herself something to write about and to specialise in, she trained as an architect.

"Needless to say, I've scarcely ever written about architecture," she added, when telling us this. "That's the way a journalist's life goes."

In that journalist's life she has covered so many fields that one might copy her and go on for ever. The list does not concern us on this page. But its effect can be felt in her television programmes Leisure and Pleasure *and* Case Book *(the two most recent). Whatever the subject she deals with, she is obviously very alertly acquainted with it.*

Watching Brief

It looks like a good fortnight—touch wood.

To-night (December 3) you have the third of the annual excerpts from *The Gang Show*, the ever-popular Boy Scout entertainment. It's usually good fun.

To-morrow (December 4) and on the 8th, you will be able to see George Foa's production of Gounod's *Faust*. Charles Mackerras will be conducting. In the cast are Patricia Bartlett and John Lanigan, with Michael Langdon, John Cameron, Anna Pollak and a large company of singers and dancers.

Then on December 7 and 11 there is a comedy thriller by Barre Lyndon, *They Came by Night*, with Anthony Nicholls in the lead. Production, Ian Atkins; direction, Alan Bromly.

December 9 brings us *Asmodée*, by François Mauriac (translated by Basil Bartlett). This is an emotional play, full of triangles and other psychological geometry. But it is generally considered Mauriac's best play. Producer, Harold Clayton.

Down in the Valley, on December 12, is a melodrama set to music, by Kurt Weill. Philip Bate, who is producing, intends to dispense with the ordinary type of scenery and indicate the various settings by changes of light.

The period ends with a television version of Wolf Mankowitz's best seller, *Make Me an Offer*. This will be presented by documentary producer Caryl Doncaster, on December 17.

"BUT I CAN'T"

(From *Peter Arno's Sizzling Platter*: Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.)

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

FANNY : For a practical debunking of the Indian Rope Trick.

Fanny, a parrot of exceptional intelligence who seems to know what will attract the customers, practises her own version of the Indian Rope Trick at a public-house in Lewes, Sussex.

SUSAN DENNY : For being judged the perfect chorus-girl by a renowned expert on such matters.

According to Mr. Vivian Van Damm, the famous producer who has auditioned more than 10,000 girls during his career, Miss Denny has " everything a girl needs to make the traditional tired business man wake up and live." He should know !

VIOLETTA ELVIN : For being chosen to represent British ballet at La Scala, Milan.

Sadler's Wells ballerina Violetta Elvin, who recently arrived in Italy, is appearing as guest ballerina at La Scala for ten weeks. On the opening night of the opera there on December 7, she is to dance the ballet sequences in the new production of *Macbeth*.

MEMBERS OF THE HANDLEBAR CLUB : For a gallant attempt to out-Bushy " Bushy " of *The Sketch*.

" Bushy " is quite prepared to challenge any member of this club, as he feels certain that none of these carefully cherished human appendages comes anywhere near rivalling his own *pièce de résistance*.

AUDREY FREEMAN : For coinciding a twenty-first-birthday bump with a bumper theatre success.

Audrey Freeman, who plays Julia Pendleton in *Love from Judy*, gets the traditional twenty-first-birthday bumps from Bill O'Connor (left) and Johnny Brandon, while other members of the cast look on.

DUE FOR TO-NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Denison (Dulcie Gray) live with commendable elegance in one of the Nash houses on the east side of Regent's Park among furniture which they have accumulated year by year as anniversary presents to themselves. These photographs were specially taken for *The Sketch* just as they had finished their final rehearsals for *Sweet Peril*, in which they are due to open to-night (December 3) at the St. James's Theatre. *Sweet Peril* was written by Mary Orr and her husband Reginald Denham, who won the Oscar award for their script of the film *All About Eve*. Both Mr. Denison and Miss Gray were students at the famous old Webber-Douglas school; his first part was at Frinton-on-Sea in August 1938 as Lord Fancourt Babberley in *Charley's Aunt*; hers was as Sorrel Bliss in *Hay Fever* at Aberdeen in 1939.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Miracle in Milan

(*New Gallery*)

IN the third of his films to reach this country, Vittorio de Sica has temporarily abandoned the tragic realism of *Shoeshine* and *Bicycle Thieves* (although not their strong plea for comradeship) and turned to fantasy.

Miracle in Milan is described as "The Most Amazing Picture Ever Screened." I don't think I'd go all the way in supporting that claim myself, but I do admit that *Miracle* is in every sense remarkable. It combines the gaiety and invention of René Clair with the strength of the first great Soviet pictures; and yet it is an original work of art on its own account, boldly marked with De Sica's individual signature.

The story concerns a baby found by a gentle old woman in a cabbage patch; brought up, after her death, in an orphanage; and emerging, as a youth of twenty, into the snowy streets of Milan, with no friends and no prospects, but a heart full of kindness, and a cheerful good morning for everybody. "Toto the Good" he is called, and he swiftly sets about justifying his name by turning a shabby shanty town settlement on the outskirts of Milan into a kind of down-and-outs' paradise. All goes well until the down-and-outs discover oil on their land, and wicked men with big fur collars and bulging pocket-books try to eject them. Then comes the miracle. The spirit of the old woman, complete with umbrella and in her Sunday best, flies down from heaven to Toto's aid. She gives him a magic dove, which will grant all his wishes. I won't spoil the story by telling you what they are, but after a number of vicissitudes (including the stealing of the dove by a couple of athletic angels looking like competitors at Helsinki) the down-and-outs escape from their oppressors, and fly away over the roofs of Milan on broomsticks to "a kingdom where good morning really means good morning."

Miracle in Milan is a film in a thousand. It is a fairy tale for grown-ups, which children could hardly fail to understand and enjoy. The playing is delightful, and there are moments—one remembers in particular the scene where Toto leads his frozen companions, stamping and shouting, into the first thin shaft of spring sunshine—that are pure visual poetry.

If it has a weakness, it lies perhaps in the exaggeration of a political tilt. De Sica is no lover of rich men and their ways. He has said of his picture, "I was searching for the feeling of a small word that loves to hide everywhere; good." Of his utter sincerity of purpose there can be no doubt. But has he really searched everywhere? high as well as low?

Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square,
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials.

The Pickwick Papers

(*Gaumont, Haymarket*)

ANYONE who sets out to put *The Pickwick Papers* on the screen is a brave man. He is challenging criticism at every turn. Dickens's book is nearly 1000 pages long; diffuse, episodic and crowded with characters. In translating this rich mass of material to the screen, compressing it into less than two hours of running-time, and giving it some sort of connective theme, something is bound to be left out. And anything left out of Dickens is bound to be missed by somebody.

In the circumstances Noel Langley, who adapted and directed *Pickwick*, strikes me as having done remarkably well. He seems to have noted very shrewdly that the memorable thing about *The Pickwick Papers* is not really the character of Pickwick at all, but the host of characters with which Dickens surrounded him—in particular, the smooth and egregious Jingle. So he took the bold course of driving straight ahead with a plot that pits Jingle against Mr. Pickwick and his three gullible club companions, Winkle, Tupman and Snodgrass. The result is a film with a clear dramatic shape, and although die-hard Dickensians may miss some of their favourite characters, there still remains a formidable cast-list of forty-seven players, nearly all of whom are near enough to the original "Phiz" drawings to satisfy the critical.

G. K. Chesterton called *The Pickwick Papers* a piece of "godlike horseplay," and one feels he

"For the tweed collection pictures Miss La Rav—will you *please* try to look windswept."

would have relished the sight of Hermione Gingold in charge of Miss Tomkins' Seminary (out of "Phiz" by way of Ronald Searle); of Joyce Grenfell joyously presiding over one of Mrs. Leo Hunter's literary breakfasts; and especially of Donald Wolfit rolling out the rich periods of Sergeant Buzfuz in the case of Bardell *versus* Pickwick.

Perhaps Harry Fowler is too young to be able to give us the full flavour of the redoubtable Sam Weller. He has the proper wit and sharpness, set off by an admirable sense of timing, but the character seems to stop just short of maturity, and the original Sam Weller had the native Cockney wisdom of all the ages. James Donald plays the lovesick Winkle with such comicality and charm that one can forgive Mr. Langley for giving him a larger share in the plot than Dickens's mild, ineffectual sportsman occupied. Nigel Patrick's Jingle seems to me quite brilliant; the vagabond actor to the frayed gloved finger-tips; an irresistible and unforgettable performance.

James Hayter plays Pickwick; and the further we go with the film, the more we realise how very wise that choice was. Mr. Hayter is not a showy performer. He uses few tricks, beyond the technical tricks familiar to every good old actor. But he makes even fewer mistakes, and never lets anything—any particle of self-interest or display—intrude between the character and the audience. He comes out to meet us, beaming and friendlywise, as the host of a splendid party; an entertainment full of jollity and comradeship and mild adventure, with good spirits and a good cheer to warm us at the inn at the end of the road.

The Snows of Kilimanjaro

(*Leicester Square*)

DURING one of their periodic raids on high-class literature, Hollywood picked up this powerful short story of Ernest Hemingway's, about a writer who looks back on his adventurous but futile life, while dying of gangrene on one of the highest mountains in Africa.

The result is "the greatest love-story you have ever seen," in Technicolor; with three luscious heroines; and Gregory Peck saved by aeroplane to live and act another day. His great love, presumably, is Susan Hayward, the rich, faithful, misunderstood wife who watches by his camp-bed. But the film dwells with considerably more insistence on Ava Gardner, the girl who "only wanted to be happy," whom he found long ago in Paris and lost in Spain. It touches more briefly but quite forcibly on the charms of Hildegarde Neff, as a swimming, sculpting Countess encountered on the Riviera ("the semi-iceberg of the semi-tropics"), who is described as being frigid, but gives precious little evidence of it here.

There are some good things in *The Snows*, particularly when the screen is given over to natural studies of African fauna and impressions of the African night. Every now and then we catch a glimpse of the real Hemingway, and feel that something momentous is about to be said. But the only concrete message that emerges from the film is that a writer ought to go out and *hunt*, after which the words, it seems, will drop into place quite easily.

Somebody Loves Me

(*Plaza*)

Somebody Loves Me is a Technicolor musical, starting in 1906 and stopping soon after the First World War, "suggested by" the careers of Blossom Seeley and her husband, Benny Fields, stars of American vaudeville. An unnaturally subdued Betty Hutton (it's a pity somebody didn't love her more) works her way, with Ralph Meeker, through twenty largely indifferent songs; and a story which seems to imply that a nice girl doesn't mind being plagued by a partner who yearns to be a "name" on his own account, and resolutely puts the billing before the cooing.

SOLVING THE CHRISTMAS GIFT PROBLEM

One gift, which many of our readers, both at home and overseas, have told us always brings letters of gratitude, is a year's subscription to *The Sketch*, for regular delivery of *The Sketch* throughout the year keeps your friends in constant touch with all the interesting things that are happening in the Theatre, the Cinema, and the worlds of Art, Literature and Fashion. It keeps them in touch, too, with important social functions in various parts of the country, in some of which they will, almost certainly, have a personal interest, and in others in which they will renew the acquaintance of mutual friends. And we need hardly add that every time *The Sketch* is delivered it will be a happy reminder of your Christmas thought.

Orders for subscriptions can be handed to any good-class newsagent or sent direct to the Subscription Department, *The Sketch*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The cost, which includes the Extra Christmas Number and, of course, postage, is: for friends in Canada, £2 19s.; for friends elsewhere abroad, or at home, £3.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

For informal parties is this dress with a long, fitting bodice in soft black wool with its short, full skirt in taffeta. By Susan Small, from Galeries Lafayette and Hylda Vernon, Birmingham. The flat ear decorations in white and gold leather are from Paris House. The perfume, romantically feminine, redolent of summer flowers, is Dorothy Gray's "Magic Hour."

CHRISTMAS EVENINGS

Whether it is for a little evening at home, or for a gala occasion, the magic of Christmas is magnified by the glamour of a new evening dress. In these pages we show dresses suitable for every kind of Christmas party; all the jewellery is from Paris House. To complement these dresses we have chosen various perfumes. These are meant to give you ideas of what you, perhaps, would like to receive as a Christmas present, a change from the ever-present problem of what to give.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Keith Ewart.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

CHRISTMAS EVENINGS

Left: For more formal evenings, Rima's steel-grey satin stole and long dress with gold embroidery. The skirt is sweeping, the bodice has double narrow straps. From Fenwick's Model Room and Kendal Milne, Manchester. The perfume, dignified, with a feminine sophistication, is Patou's " Amour, Amour."

Left, below: For parties in cold climes is Roecliff and Chapman's caramel satin dress, with its enormous quilted skirt. From Richard Bird, Knightsbridge, and Watt's, Glasgow. The perfume, spicily sophisticated, with a nostalgic sweetness, is Worth's " Je Reviens."

Below: Lace for a softly feminine dress in pale green, ruched with net over the shoulders and in a frill at the hem. By Frederick Starke, from Rocha, Grafton Street, and Jenners, Edinburgh. Young, airy and expectant of gaiety is Norman Hartnell's new perfume, " In Love."

Right: Sophisticated but simple in line, with its skirt slim in front, ruched into back fullness. Frank Usher's dress in rich, dark shades, with its rounded shoulder-line, comes from Jay's, London, and Kendal Milne, Manchester. The perfume, bewitching and lingering, is Lancôme's " Magie."

CHRISTMAS EVENINGS

Rich and glamorous, for the most formal of Christmas evenings, is Simmone's striking dress, in blue satin, sequin embroidered. It is strapless, and the skirt stands stiffly wide, frilled underneath. From Tina Berlyn, Bond Street, and Alexandrine, Nottingham. The perfume, sophisticated, with a floral undertone, is Christian Dior's "Diorama."

★

For Christmas and other evenings, in glistening gold mesh over gold kid, with an elasticised instep-band, is the bareback sandal by Lehany. Price 8 gns. (also in silver at £7 17s. 6d.), from Lotus, New Bond Street.

PORTFOLIO (continued)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

Black velvet has been in the news all the autumn, and what is more charming for Christmas evenings than this slim little dress, with its side skirt-drapery? The wide neckline is cuffed in satin. By London Town, price approximately 1? gns., from Fifth Avenue, Regent Street; Estorille, Southport, and Bobby's, Worcester. The perfume, rich and compelling, is Yardley's "Flair."

HELPING FOXHUNTER TO WIN MEDALS

At the request of the British Show Jumping Association and the British Horse Society, Jacqmar have designed a "Foxhunter" scarf, sales of which will help to raise money for the Olympic Games and International Equestrian Fund.

Without the backing of this Fund, which is now at a low ebb, the British Equestrian Team would not have won the Gold Medal this year at Helsinki. The fund depends on public subscription, and a substantial sum of money is needed to give our riders and horses the training that is necessary to give a good account of themselves in all International equestrian events, culminating in the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne.

Jacqmar's "Foxhunter" scarf, with its topical design, would make an attractive Christmas present. Selling at 89s. 6d., at 16, Grosvenor Street, W.1, and Jacqmar stockists, part of the proceeds from all sales will go to this worthy cause.

Mrs. H. Shulman wears an off-the-shoulder dress of white chiffon, with a skirt of pleated petals. Her long stole is in green taffeta.

Wearing a dress designed by her husband, Mrs. John Montrose is slim in black velvet, the neckline trimmed with mink.

Miss Alyson Tallon, from Hong Kong, wears a "cracker-line" dress of black velvet with white nylon tulle flounces.

FASHION BALL FOR FASHION'S ORPHANS

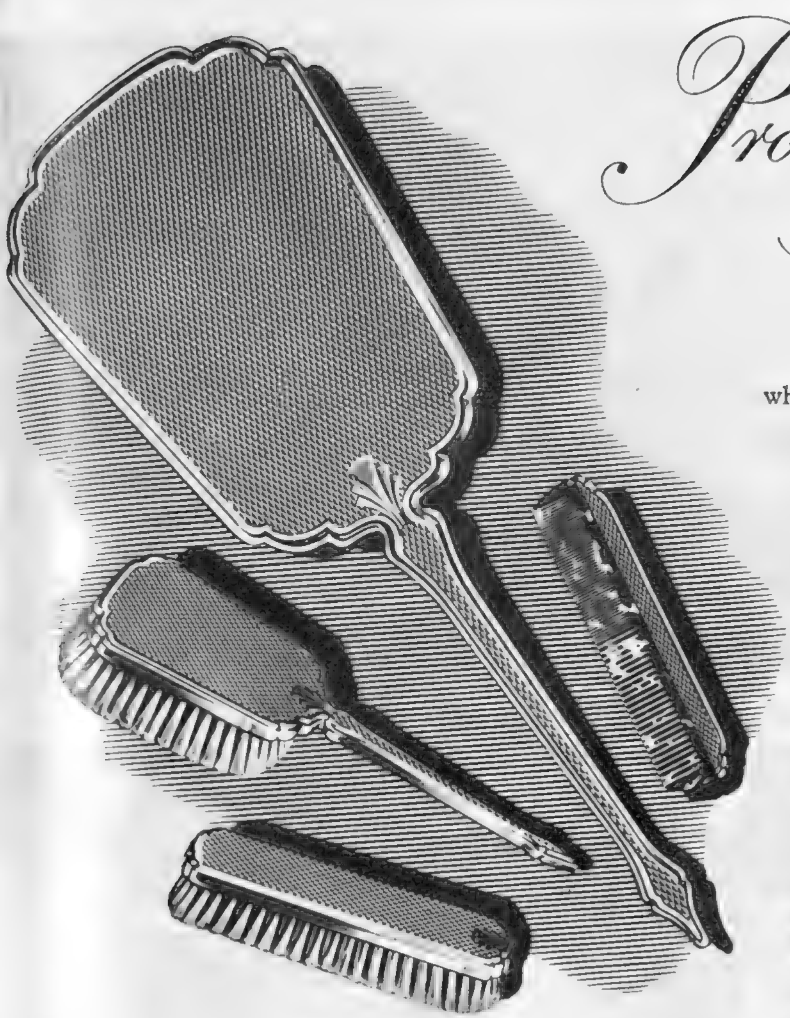
Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter, in grey muslin, flower-embroidered, with a velvet stole, and Miss Sara Eberts, in black taffeta, ermine-trimmed over a black-and-white spotted underskirt.

THE annual Purley Ball, now becoming known as London's Fashion Ball, was held at Grosvenor House on November 20. In aid of the Purley Schools, which undertake the entire education of orphans and dependants of employees in the fashion trade, this Ball gathers together the wives and daughters of British Dress Designers, with many of the women leaders of the Fashion World. The result is something like a superb fashion show, with some of the most beautiful dresses to be seen in London.

Photographed by Barry Swaebe.

Sir Richard Burbidge, the Treasurer for the Purley Schools, with Lady Burbidge, Lady Hollenden and Lord Hollenden, who is the Schools' Chairman.

Dr. J. Lister Boyd, with Mrs. Charles Dickson and Mr. Frederick Starke, Chairman of the Ball Committee, who designed Miss Tallon's dress seen above (*top, right.*)



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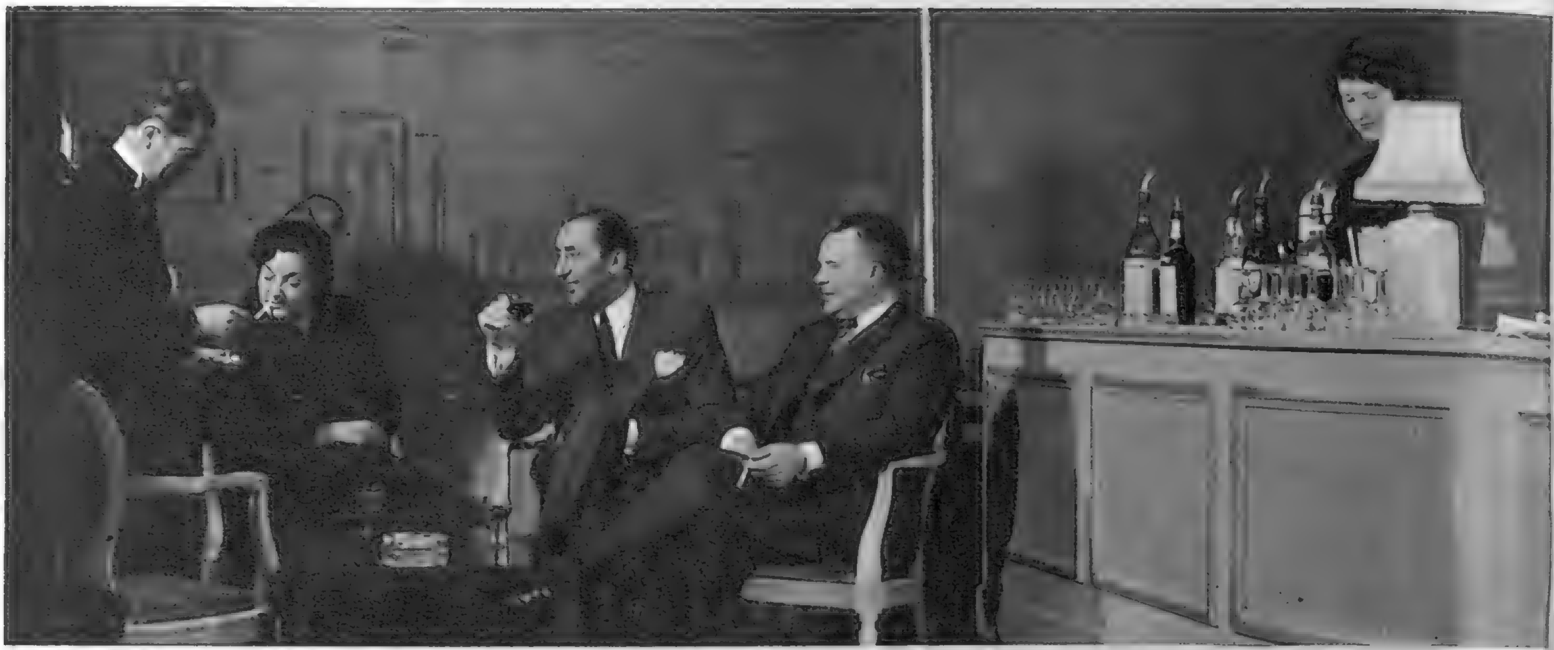


A few friends gather in the Foyer Bar at Grosvenor House to stimulate their appetites with an *apéritif* before lunch.

Sonvico, the Silver Restaurant manager, searching for a wine to suit a dish accompanied by *Sauce Pernod*, samples a suggestion by wine butler Rovetta.

Stirring pensively, the Chef-des-Cuisines, René Lebegue, personally supervises the careful preparation of the unique *Sauce Pernod*.

FIRST-CLASS FOOD AND WINE

by Lucullus

V. GROSVENOR HOUSE

ODD though it may seem, there are many people having an appreciation of good food and wine who hesitate when it comes to choosing a drink before sitting down to table. Many spoil their palates by taking strong drinks before, or at the beginning of, a meal. My practice is to stick to a good dry sherry, a French *apéritif*, or one of those dry Italian vermouths with a touch of bitters, according to what I expect to eat. Since these drinks are based mostly on wine to which has been added aromatic and other herbs, they not only stimulate the gastric juices, but blend harmoniously with the wines to follow.

There are times, however, when it is right, polite and proper that these fancies should go by the board. Such an occasion was in the Silver Restaurant at Grosvenor House the other day. There, Rudolf Sonvico, knowledgeable, and with the air of an amiable diplomat, who has just taken over as restaurant manager, invited me to try two of their *specialities*, a cold and a hot *hors d'œuvres*.

One of these, the cold, appeared as Sea Food Cocktail *à la* Grosvenor. And vodka was served to drink with it. The dish itself consisted of crab meat rolled in thin slices of smoked salmon surmounted by a lobster claw, an accompaniment of mussels, sweet corn, and a special dressing of the House, about the construction of which they are rather secretive. For such a dish and with such an appetizer this was perfect; the sweet corn I considered to be an inspired touch; simple though it sounds, it certainly wins an accolade from me. And with it, of course, the vodka was so absolutely right.

On another occasion I began with Hot Hors d'Œuvres. That was the full title of the dish when I had it, and if it is the usual practice to present it with no more indication of what to expect, I feel this to be a pity, since it is a most attractive offering and a fine example of the skill and patience of M. Couchie, the restaurant chef.

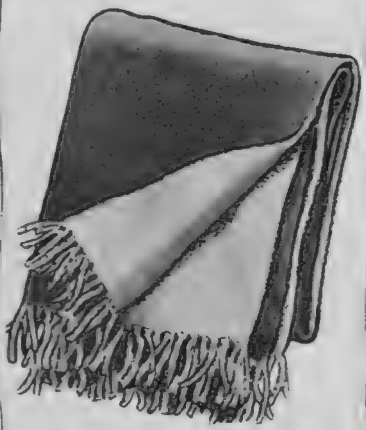
In this we again have sea food—lobster, crab, cheese, shrimps, prawns and chicken chopped very small, contained in fresh egg batter and deep-fried so that it comes to the table in small, crisp portions. Now the trick here is in preventing these ingredients combining during cooking as in a meat ball. This dish came with a touch of tartare sauce, and with it I drank a most agreeable *Montrachet* '47.

It is not ordinarily part of my intention in this series to discuss hotels of international repute such as Grosvenor House. With René Lebegue, that giant among the talented Brotherhood of the High White Bonnets, as the *chef-des-cuisines* one may always be sure of enjoying fine food at its best. But it is not in such places as a rule that one expects to find that "something just a little different," those out-of-the-way dishes belonging to a more simple school, perhaps, which rightfully belong to "that wonderful little place round the corner," where the *chef* or *patron* loves from time to time to offer his clients local dishes from his own part of the country. That was why I was intrigued with the *plat* which followed, titled simply "*Poulet Sauté René*," a local dish of M. Lebegue, which is chicken sauté'd in butter in a casserole with fennels. This came with what I must confess is new to my by no means limited gastronomical experience, a *Sauce Pernod* which I am given to understand derives from Picardy.

The problem, of course, was to find a wine to match it. Here I cowardly left myself in the hands of Sonvico and of Rovetta, a *sommelier* of knowledge and feeling, whom I swear had never before in his life been asked to find a wine that would neither detract from, nor be influenced by, a *Sauce Pernod*. Our conference finally produced a Ier Cru St. Emilion Chateau Cheval Blanc '47, a wine of quality and charm yet sufficiently full-bodied successfully to meet this special requirement.

Since the shortage of meat, restaurants of this type have necessarily included many "farm" and "country" dishes on their menus. Simple though they be, they were appreciated in the old days mostly by the travelled and more knowledgeable *gourmet*. Sonvico has a theory that many of these dishes have now earned a permanent place on the restaurant cards of the big international hotel. In increasing their range and making them regularly available to his guests, I am sure Sonvico is right.

Christmas gift-fare



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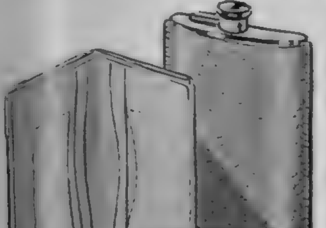

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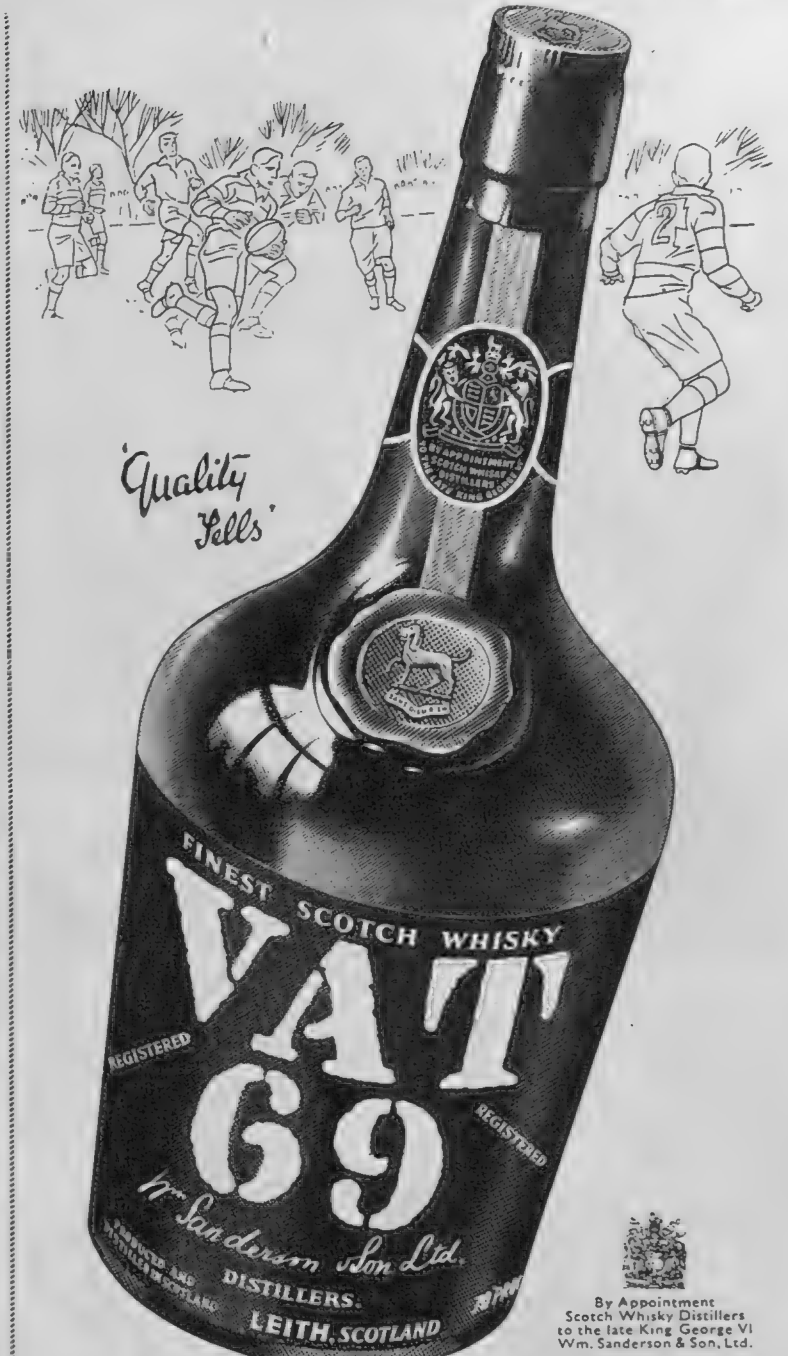

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MAWNAN SMITH'S CHRISTMAS PARTY *by Mawnan Smith*
GOOD KING WENCESLAS *by John Lefroy*
WAY OF LIFE *A short story by Monica Ewen*
YOU SHOULD BELIEVE IN CHRISTMAS *by Pamela Fry*
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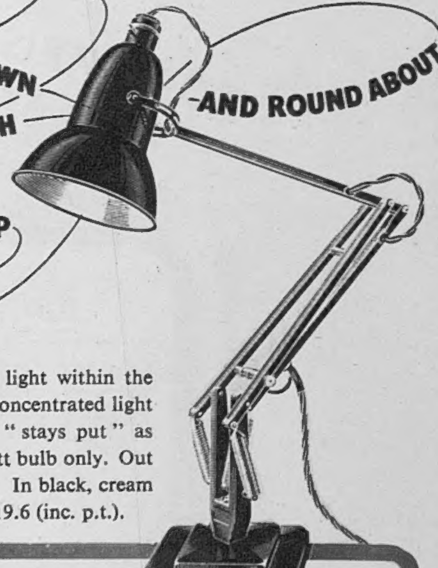

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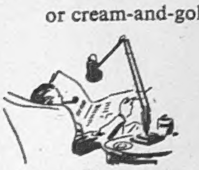

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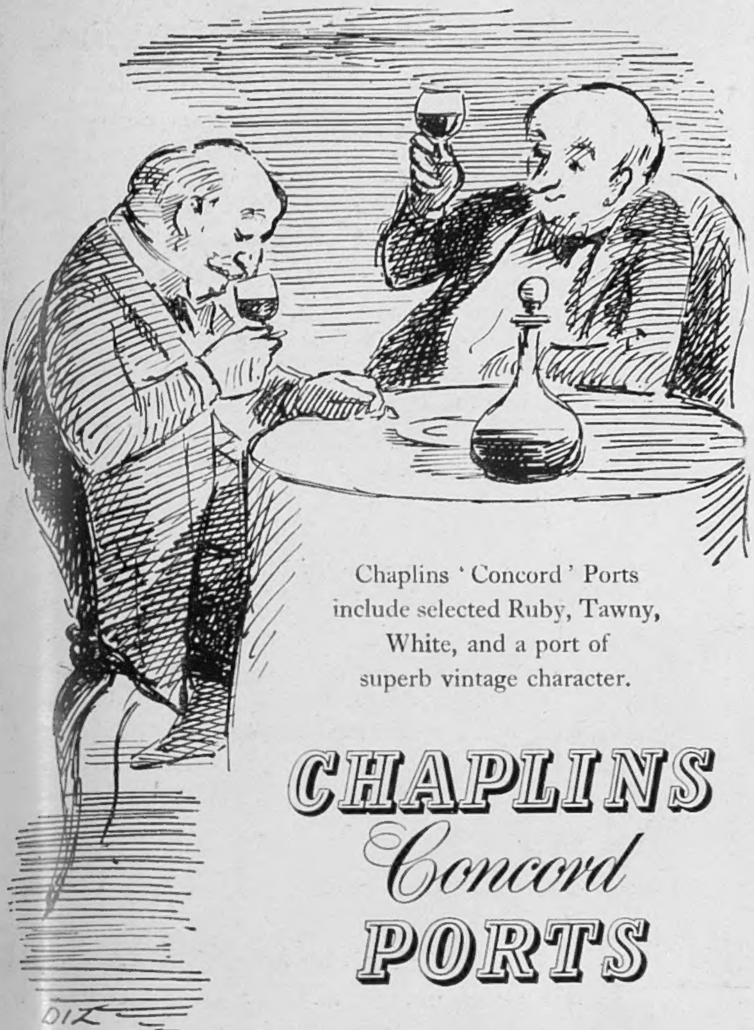

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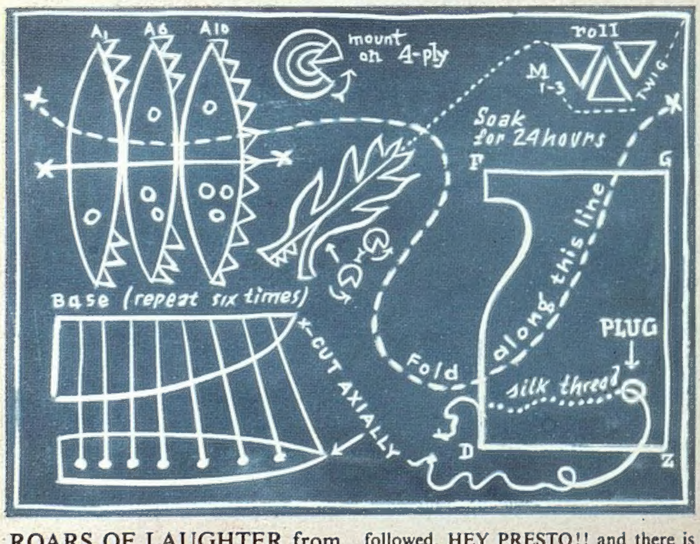
C

Pischwepso — YOUNG ROBIN

D

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK



ROARS OF LAUGHTER from the young and young of heart in 'Post's' new XMAS PUDDING GAME of SPHERING THE SQUARE.

* * *

Cut out this square. Paste it on to a piece of old cardboard or preferably binding paper. Cut neatly along dotted lines, holding point of scissors towards chest and if directions are exactly followed, HEY PRESTO!! and there is your XMAS PUDDING.

* * *

Now for fun and larks. Six or eight young people, preferably of opposite sexes, pick sides. The leader holds pudding on thumb balanced at point D, and when the three girls shout BRANDY SAUCE the boys make a pyramid with their hands and the festive sphere is snatched from one corner to the other of the rectangle of players.

Post's GIFT BOX free to all

yearly subscribers who have sent cheque.

ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For grown-ups. Are you a doctor? We will send you a novel NEW ERA two-way rustless schwepposcope.

For children. An underwater submarine which explodes at a touch. Complete with realistic imitation atomic anti-submarine gun. Or genuine WIG-WAM (above) with scalping knife and scalps.

Iceland tops Norway's GIFT

Norway's generous gift to Schweppshire of a young Christmas Tree for planting in denuded Schwepping Forest has been followed by Iceland's giant duty-free snowman, in the likeness of Disraeli, friend of Scandinavia.

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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